The Outlook

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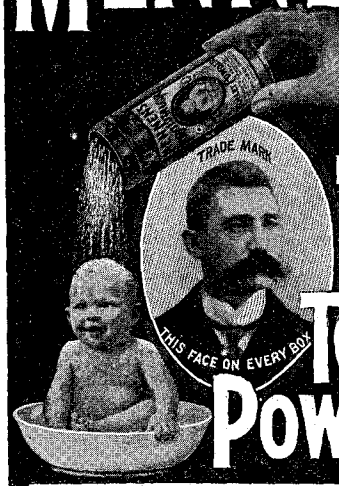

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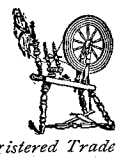

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The Outlook

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The Coercion of Venezuela by Germany and Great Britain

As a guide to American conduct and definition of the position of the United States as regards the action of Germany and Great Britain, nothing could be clearer than President Roosevelt's recent utterance. He said: "We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power." If it be asked, Who is to determine what misconduct is and what is reasonable punishment? it can only be hoped that the principle of arbitration and the mode of agreement provided by the Hague Tribunal may, so far as practicable, prevail; the United States, however, cannot compel other nations to arbitrate and can only offer its services when requested by both parties. Whether the methods of enforcing payment of debts adopted by England and Germany against Venezuela are fair and moderate or rough and brutal is not a question for the United States to decide—certainly not under the Monroe Doctrine. But it may be noted as somewhat remarkable that up to Monday of this week there had been no formal, official statement by Germany or Great Britain as to the nature and extent of their claims against Venezuela, nor are the exact facts known about the seizing of Venezuelan war vessels (really gunboats and yachts). The ultimatums of the two Powers have been published, but they are so involved, and refer so blindly to previous diplomatic exchanges, that they do not afford very much light. Information as to the British claims is being urgently asked by the English press and in Parliament. It is understood that the German claims are much larger and of older standing than the British, and include some classes of debts admitted to be just by Venezuela, but postponed as to payment because of internal Venezuelan dissensions—a plea which naturally is not recognized by Germany. Generally speaking, the claims now being pressed are for losses or personal injuries suffered by citizens of the claimant countries during the Venezuelan civil wars of the last three years, or for default of interest on railroad loans guaranteed by the Government. President Castro has asserted that the claims are petty, that he never heard of some of them until lately, and that the others had been laid before a commission lately appointed by the Venezuelan Congress. However this may be, the patience of Germany and Great Britain became exhausted; assurances were given to the United States that no territorial seizure was proposed; ultimatums were delivered giving a brief time-limit for response; diplomatic relations were severed; and British and German war-ships seized four Venezuelan steamers at La Guayra, a chief port of the country, and one gunboat lying at Trinidad. So far, it seemed that there had been no violation of the rules of international law governing such action, and strong hopes were entertained that President Castro's request to Mr. Bowen, the United States official at Caracas, that he should individually, and not as a United States official, arbitrate the questions at issue, would lead to a peaceful and satisfactory end of the incident.

❀

Acts of War

But it was soon rumored that one or more of the vessels captured had been destroyed. The exact truth about this rumor is not known even six days after the action. British papers of both parties showed uneasiness at the report, and expressed hope that Germany alone was concerned in this act; one British paper declared that such a deed would be nothing more or less than theatrical piracy;

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another said that it was another illustration of Germany's overbearing methods and too free use of the "mailed hand;" others feared that England was allowing Germany to make her a mere cat's-paw. Meanwhile President Castro had seized the persons of many British and German subjects, but promptly released them at the intervention of Mr. Bowen—who, according to all accounts, has acted throughout the affair with wisdom, prudence, and firmness. The next important incident happened at Porto Cabello on Saturday last, and was so sensational as greatly to endanger the plan for arbitration, while it was quite inconsistent with any definition of a "peaceful blockade." A mob from the city had boarded a British merchant ship lying at anchor in the harbor, and had ill-treated its crew and insulted its flag. Two warships, the Charybdis (British) and Vineta (German), entered Porto Cabello and received the complaint; instantly the commodore in command demanded immediate reparation under the threat of bombardment of the fortress after two hours' interval. The time elapsed, and although a boat was actually on its way to the British war-ship with a note complying with the demands, fire was opened on the forts; it was returned, and in less than an hour the forts were silenced and almost destroyed; one report says that "it is probable that only a few persons were injured;" another account states that about fifty men were killed; still another, that two or three people were killed. One account (the latest received up to Monday night) declares that only by the personal influence of President Castro were the people of Caracas restrained from attacking foreign residents.

❀

The Miners' Evidence

At the hearings before the Strike Commission last week the miners got the ear of the Nation for their story of individual wrongs, and drove home to every one the conviction that in the recent industrial war brutality on the part of individual workmen had its counterpart in inhumanity on the part of individual employers. To the vast audience which is moved only by dramatic personal incidents and not at all by the generalized experiences of thousands, it is possible that the week's testimony was more telling than all that had preceded. The most vivid of the incidents brought before the court was narrated as follows in the press despatches:

Andrew Hannik, a Hungarian, told how the Markles evicted him. He was followed by Henry Coll, another Markle miner, who told how his family, including his mother-in-law, who was a hundred years old, were set out on the road with their household goods. He gave a graphic description of how he was injured many times in the mines. He said one of his legs was no better than a wooden one; he had only one eye, his hands have been crushed, ribs broken, and skull fractured. The company gave him nothing until after the employees took up a collection for him; then he was given $50, after being on the injured list for two years. The company took out of the collection the rent he owed. . . . The old miner, decrepit from many injuries, told under the examination how the evictions were carried on. His wife was sick and her one-hundred-year-old mother was blind and unable to walk. The day on which they were "thrown out" was rainy. He took them the best he could to Hazleton, seven miles away, and placed them in a cold, damp, empty house. This was last month, when the atmosphere on the Hazleton Mountain was quite cold. His wife became worse. Medical aid was kindly furnished free by a Hazleton doctor, but it did not help her much.

"We were greatly worried because of our having been turned out of our house, and one night," the witness said, between sobs, "she died."

"She died?" exclaimed Judge Gray, who was pacing to and fro across the room, as he quickly turned when he heard the man's last words.

"Yes, sir; she died, and I buried her yesterday."

Other incidents only less pathetic were narrated bearing upon the danger of work in the mines, and the absence of any system of indemnity or even relief for the families of the men maimed or killed in the mines. It would not be strange if the Commission recommended for Pennsylvania an Employers' Liability Law similar to that already in force in Massachusetts.

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Mr. Fowler on Bishop Potter

Mr. Thomas P. Fowler, President of the Ontario and Western Railroad, is reported by the New York "Herald" as criticising Bishop Potter for taking interest in and expressing sympathy for the Pennsylvania miners. "Bishop Potter," says Mr. Fowler, "had better devote some time to the condition of his clergy, who, generally speaking, are not nearly so well paid as the anthracite miner." He claims that the average annual stipend of the

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clergy throughout the country is less than five hundred dollars, while the miners receive nearly or quite double that amount. Whether Mr. Fowler's figures are right or not we will not undertake to say, but his conception of the duties of a Christian clergyman is curiously narrow. It is as much the duty of Bishop Potter to look after the interests of miners as after the interests of clergymen. A Church does not exist for its clergy; both clergy and bishop exist for the benefit of humanity. A bishop is not put into his place of influence to get salaries for his clergy any more than a general is put into his place to get salaries for his under officers. The Church, like an army, is organized to render a public service to the community, and the interests of the community are the primary interests for both to consider. Mr. Fowler's argument is as if one should have said that General Washington had better devote his time to the condition of his soldiers at Valley Forge instead of trying to deliver the farmers of New Jersey from the Hessians; for the farmers of New Jersey were much better off than his own soldiers. The speech curiously illustrates a notion which is quite incomprehensible to a teacher who accepts the principles of Jesus Christ as the basis of his teaching—the notion that a church exists for itself, and that it is an intermeddling with what does not belong to him if a clergyman turns aside from ecclesiasticism to consider the needs of a humanity not within his church organization.

❀

The Coal Shortage and the Tariff

A fortnight ago the extraordinary continuance of mild weather—November's temperature averaging ten to twelve degrees above the normal—combined with the incessant work at the mines, seemed to have ended the danger of a serious coal famine, and the price of anthracite in most Eastern cities fell to within a dollar or two of last year's price at this season. Last week, however, the sudden advent of real winter, with high winds intensifying the exceptionally low temperature represented by the thermometer, made furnace fires necessary in innumerable homes without coal to build them, and created in many cities a panic among people of all classes to get fuel in their bins. In some places—as, for instance, New Haven—people gathered about the coal-yards by the hundred, with wagons of every sort down to wheelbarrows and baby-carriages, to carry away their own coal if they could get it, and yet were unable to buy. In some cases the mobs were threatening, and coal-yards had to be put under the protection of the police. Naturally, the readiness of the well-to-do to pay high prices enabled the dealers who had coal on hand to put up their prices, and while most of them tried to sell to their old customers at reasonable figures, the ordinary price even in New York City rose to nine or ten dollars a ton, or twice the figure that the dealers are supposed to pay the railroads and four times the figure that operators get at the mines. To the poor who buy by the bag or even the scuttle, prices were of course higher still, and in families which have only ten or twelve dollars a week for all purposes the high price of coal forced many hard economies in medicine and food. But the worst of the situation was the number of families—including many rich ones—that were unable to get coal on any terms, and unable to get the promise of any short of a week or ten days. In another column we have spoken of the duty which this condition lays upon Congress of immediate action for at least temporary and partial relief.

❀

Trusts: Judge Grosscup's Proposals

Judge P. S. Grosscup, the United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial District, delivered last week before the University of Nebraska an interesting address which, judging from the incomplete reports in the Eastern papers, was an important contribution to the problem presented by trusts. Judge Grosscup finds menace in the fact that deposits in banks, National, State, and savings, are now in excess of $8,500,000,000, "indicating the widespread withdrawal of the people from general ownership in the properties of the country." Such withdrawal threatens to impair public interest in National prosperity, destroy competition, discourage the wage-earner, and widen the existing gulf between wealth and labor. "The first thing to do is to abandon the present policy of outlawry and extermination.

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That policy has failed. It has failed through conditions that cannot be removed by law. Replace the old policy by a new, under which industrial corporations, subjected to restraints against artificial prices, will be made, in organization and management, to invite, and worthily invite, the confidence and copartnership of all the people of the country." In pursuance of this policy he would repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and substitute for it one that would provide against artificial prices, require open books, State examinations by some department of the Government, periodical statements to the public as in the case of National banks, prohibition of stock-watering, accompanied with provisions for increase of stock based on increase of property since the original issue and on increased value due to management and operation, with added provision for the division of such increased value "in fair proportions between those who have furnished the capital and those who have done the work, not as a mere bonus, but as a contract right."

❀

Trusts: Regulation Better than Prohibition

In this speech Judge Grosscup appears to us to indicate the general line which legislation must follow. When evils such as those incident to the substitution of combination for competition spring up in the community, the first inclination is to prohibit the cause from which the evils have sprung. Experience, however, generally indicates the inadequacy of prohibitory measures. It requires greater wisdom to understand the new tendency, to guide, control, and regulate it, to make it serve, not injure, the public welfare. But though this method seems more difficult, it is really more easy. The tendency to combination both of labor and capital is an irresistible tendency. The evils of free competition are insufferable evils. In the general statement that the object of law should be to prevent only those combinations the object and effect of which are public injury, and to regulate and control combinations so that they shall promote the public welfare, Judge Grosscup appears to The Outlook absolutely right. We think it would be a practical mistake for Congress to repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust Law before it had provided some better enactment to take its place; but we look for much more satisfactory results from such legislation as is suggested by Mr. Littlefield in the bill which he has brought before the Judiciary Committee of Congress, and by Professor Jenks in the article which last week we published in The Outlook—that is, in legal provisions making combinations, whether of capital or labor, subject to the will of the community as expressed through law interpreted by the courts—than by drastic measures forbidding combination and endeavoring to swing the world back again into the individualism in industry from which it is unquestionably emerging.

❀

Which is the Sovereign Authority?

Not only the people of New York State, but a wider constituency also, will look with interest to see what Governor Odell has to say in his annual Message respecting the issue between the Painters' and Decorators' Union of Schenectady and the people of the State of New York. The people of the State of New York have provided in their Constitution and in their statutes for a militia which can be called out by the Governor to protect persons and property when they are imperiled either by a foreign foe or by domestic violence. The Painters' and Decorators' Union has practically declared that any man who belongs to this militia and loyally renders this service to the people of the State in time of mob violence shall be deprived of the right to earn his daily bread. This, freed from all incidents and indirections, is the issue presented to the people of this State by the recent events in Schenectady. The Attorney-General is reported to have told the Governor that there is no present law to protect a militiaman in his right to earn his daily bread when that right is denied to him because he has entered the militia service. It is very clear to us, and we think it will be to the people of the State generally, that under this condition of affairs the Governor should either overrule the opinion of his Attorney-General and point out a legal remedy for the people of the State, or else should call upon the Legislature to furnish such legal remedy. It is dishonorable to the State, inconsistent with its interests and palpably

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a violation of justice, for the State on the one hand to provide for a militia and on the other hand allow that provision to be overthrown by the action of a voluntary organization within the boundaries of the State. We all want to know whether the State of New York is sovereign and the Painters' and Decorators' Union is subject, or the Painters' and Decorators' Union is sovereign and the State of New York subject. We all want to know whether Mr. Sheffer, the President of the Painters' and Decorators' Union, or Mr. Odell is really the Governor of the State of New York. The public will look with a good deal of interest to see what the Governor has to say on this subject in his forthcoming Message.

❀

The Pennsylvania Tunnel Franchise Delayed

Again the Board of Aldermen of New York City have voted to postpone action upon the Pennsylvania Railroad franchise to construct a tunnel connecting its lines at Jersey City with those of the Long Island Railroad, and giving it a great terminal station in the Borough of Manhattan. When this franchise was first submitted to the Board of Aldermen several months ago, the immense advantages it promised the city were recognized, but it was rejected by the Board partly because it was a permanent instead of a limited franchise, but chiefly because it did not provide that the work of construction should be performed under the eight-hour day and at the prevailing rate of wages. Last week, when the franchise, somewhat revised, came again before the Board, Mayor Low sent a message presenting strongly the arguments for its immediate adoption. These were, in brief, as follows: (1) Every effort had been made by the administration to secure the changes in the charter desired by the Board, and somewhat better terms had been obtained, but the Pennsylvania Company declares, as it has from the beginning, that it will not accept the franchise if it is required to pay the prevailing rate of wages for eight hours' work. (2) The Pennsylvania Company does not ask an exclusive charter, or the right to use costly streets (except a small section of one street, for which it will pay the full value), but asks merely a right of way far under the ground. (3) The Company proposes to spend $50,000,000 upon the project, assuring a vast amount of work to New York laborers, and giving value to now valueless land; and it agrees to pay for the privilege a yearly fee of about five thousand dollars for each mile of track under New York City for the first twenty-five years, and larger sums during succeeding terms of twenty-five years each, if larger sums are deemed reasonable by the Supreme Court. In summing up, the Mayor says of the franchise:

> It means, if accepted, more work for the laboring men of New York, not only during the process of construction, but also through the centuries of the railroad's operation; it means more business for our shops, more employment for our factories, and more commerce for our port; and it means cheaper and better homes within the borders of our city for multitudes of our population. It will go far to make sure the permanent pre-eminence of New York among the cities of the world; for New York grows as the United States grows, and the more freely our island city can command unbroken railroad connection with the mainland of the United States, the greater will be the prosperity of New York.

❀

The Ground for the Delay

This message was not debated before the Board, but action was postponed under circumstances which indicated that the opponents of the franchise were in the majority. Those who object to a permanent franchise find their objection sufficiently met by the provisions for a revaluation every twenty-five years. The reasons given for the opposition relate almost exclusively to the absence of provisions that the work shall be performed at the prevailing rate of wages for an eight-hour day. Nearly a score of labor unions, whose members are likely to be employed in some measure upon the construction work, have passed resolutions in favor of granting the franchise, but the great body of trades-unionists have taken the position that no public franchise shall be granted unless the work authorized by it is to be performed under the conditions now required by the city upon its own public work. The requirement that the Pennsylvania Company shall pay "the prevailing rate of wages" for an eight-hour day is not, they urge, burdensome if the work is to be performed by citizens who are good workmen, and not by imported gangs under sweating

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contractors. This ideal respecting wholesome conditions of labor is now so widely cherished by progressive municipalities all over the world, and is so strenuously insisted on by the trades-unionists, that the opposition of Aldermen to the franchise is not lightly to be charged to corruption, or even wholly to politics, in the lower meaning of that word. If the franchise were a purely local one, Mayor Low would stand strongly with the trades-unionists in insisting upon model conditions of labor. He makes an exception of the Pennsylvania franchise because of its inter-State character, and because in other respects the city has never been asked to grant a franchise upon terms so favorable to itself. It should be added that the representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad declare that their objection to a contract to give the prevailing rate of wages is not due to any unwillingness to give fair wages to their laborers, but to a determination not to make a contract which might be used against them under certain conditions in fomenting a strike. This danger might be obviated by a clause requiring disputes to be referred to arbitration while the disputants remain at work—a regulation by which strikes have been avoided on the present rapid transit subway.

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The Civic Federation Discussion

A very unusual audience of capitalists, trades-unionists, and economists filled to overflowing the meeting-room of the New York Board of Trade last week during the sessions of the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation, and the discussion was followed with a very unusual interest. At the first day's session Mr. G. C. Sykes, Secretary of the Street Railway Commission of Chicago, made a strong argument in favor of compulsory arbitration for corporations controlling public utilities. Mr. Sykes recounted the conditions respecting labor which European and Canadian cities are now inserting in franchise grants, and laid down the following thesis: "If the city itself were managing a street railway system, the employees would be treated in such a manner as to insure a service free from interruption on account of strikes. In so far as fair treatment of employees may be necessary to continuous service, private corporations operating street railways under a franchise from the city should be required to treat their employees as the city itself would treat them were it their direct employer." Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who followed, deprecated compulsory arbitration, except as the compulsion would come from the power of public opinion to enforce a just settlement if the public were promptly informed as to the facts. To secure this condition he urged the creation of a tribunal with ample powers to investigate and report upon great labor conflicts as soon as they arose, and stated that he had drafted a simple act providing for such a tribunal. He would have the tribunal dissolve as soon as a strike was settled, and new members appointed when a new trouble arose—thus enabling each set of members to report as they thought right, without fear of making the tribunal permamanently unpopular with either class. At the second day's conference the limitation of output was discussed, and Professor John R. Commons, who is now investigating the subject for the Civic Federation, read a discriminating paper showing that in some instances unions restricted the use of machinery and fixed a maximum output in order to keep members employed, but that as a rule new machinery was accepted and output limited only where the speeding of work on the part of the few threatened exhaustion, bad work, and loss of wages to the many, and dismissal to the older workmen.

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The Conclusions Reached

In the discussion which followed, the trades-unionists, especially President Connolly, of the Machinists' Union, and President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, were quite vehement against introducing piece-work where day-work is now the rule. Already, these men claimed, American workmen are speeded to a point unknown in other countries, and are laid off as too old at a much earlier age. The employers generally took a different view, and, with one exception, denied that piece-work resulted in falling wages as the output increased. Upon this point, however, the trades-unionists defended their position far better than when they were questioned by Dr. Rainsford about the

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restriction of apprentices. Dr. Rainsford, who is a hearty friend of the trades-union movement, pointed out that such restrictions limit the educational opportunities of American boys, and declared that the unions would one day be compelled by public sentiment to abandon them. On the last day of the session the element of hopefulness was brought into the discussion by reports from several large industries showing the success of joint agreements between unions and associations of employers regulating wages and conditions of work, and assuring the discipline of members on both sides. The testimony of employers regarding the fidelity with which the international unions kept their agreements when local bodies grew restive under them led Senator Hanna to accept Mr. John Graham Brooks's assertion that incorporation was not necessary to make unions keep their contracts, and that unions at present should not be forced to incorporate and thus expose themselves to endless litigation. Indeed, the last day's session was characterized by a harmony between organized capital and organized labor which awakened the question whether these two elements might not reach agreements helpful to both but hurtful to the general public. The final point upon which Senator Hanna and President Gompers were in the most complete agreement was that compulsory arbitration should never be applied to industrial strife, but that the capitalists and laborers engaged should be allowed to fight out their battles. This conclusion would have received more general acceptance on the part of the public had it not been announced at a time when the coal famine was causing anxiety and suffering in thousands of families, forcing home the truth that a few weeks more of conflict in the coal regions would have proven a National catastrophe greater than the destruction of a dozen war-ships or even a domestic insurrection. The duty of civilized governments to protect the public welfare does not end with the work of policing sea and land.

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The Mosely Labor Commission

American competition is making itself felt more and more in England. Each year shows some new branch of industry assailed. The "American Invasion" has become a constant topic in the English press, and the question whether or not Great Britain is steadily being beaten out of the world's markets gives rise to endless controversy. A Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry is what the Englishman usually has recourse to in such emergencies. The working of a Parliamentary Commission is slow and cumbersome. The importance of the subject demanded something more practical, sharp, and businesslike than such elephantine aid. So thought Mr. Alfred Mosely, and, not content with thinking about it, he immediately set at carrying out his idea of what a trade commission of inquiry should be, and on what lines it should work. Mr. Mosely made a large fortune in the diamond trade in Kimberley, has now retired from business, and has money to spare for doing things in the world when opportunities appeal to him. During the South African war he sent out a field hospital to Natal, saw it erected under his personal supervision, and presented it, fully equipped, through Princess Christian, to the British forces. Last year he came over to the United States, and as a result of his visit has returned this year, bringing with him twenty-three men representing as many of the principal trades and industries of Great Britain. Mr. Mosely is defraying the entire cost of the expedition himself. Arriving in New York in time for the opening of the new Chamber of Commerce, the commission started on a tour to inspect some of the leading manufactories of the country. They visited the locomotive works at Schenectady, the works of the General Electric Company, the power-house at Niagara; they were the guests of the Industries Federation at Buffalo, saw the iron and steel works at Cleveland, the packing-houses at Chicago, the Carnegie Steel Works at Pittsburg, the Cramps Works and the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, the Patent Office at Washington, and were received by the President at the White House. Throughout their trip they were gratified by the cordial way in which they were everywhere received by the American people, and experienced a certain amount of agreeable surprise at the way in which the works were thrown open and everything in them displayed for their close and note-taking inspection. It was in favorable

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contrast to the secretiveness of Continental and many British factory-owners. The delegates have now dispersed to the headquarters of their various trades for a more quiet and detailed study of their competitors and their methods. Each delegate has been furnished by Mr. Mosely with a list of questions to be answered which will form an excellent guide for their investigations. They will each draw up a separate report which will be printed and published at Mr. Mosely's expense and distributed to every member of their respective trade-unions. This Commission and its work appear to us of unusual interest and significance, and we propose to present the subject more fully in a special article before long.

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The Omnibus Statehood Bill

Interest in Congress last week naturally centered in the Omnibus Statehood Bill, providing for the admission as States of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, which is now the unfinished business before the Senate, and, according to the decision of President Frye, can be displaced only by unanimous consent. The substitute bill reported by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Territories, providing for the admission of only one State instead of three—Oklahoma and Indian Territory constituting the one admissible State—was last week withdrawn by its friends for further amendment, and Senator Quay, who is leading the forces supporting the omnibus bill, pressed for an immediate debate and vote. The opponents of the bill, however, secured a few days' delay to give time for the preparation of a report upon both the bill and the proposed substitute. The arguments in support of the bill are chiefly four: First, the Democrats favor the admission of these Territories because thereby they expect to gain four Senators for their party. Second, Senator Quay and certain other Republicans, among them Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, Senator Platt, of New York, and Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, desire the passage of the bill ostensibly because of party pledges. These men have not been known as special seekers for the rights of the unrepresented. As we have already said, such Republican support is not in response to any expression of the will of the people in the Territories, but to the desire of capitalistic organizations, which, though outside the Territories, would profit by their Statehood. These first two reasons require no reply, as they do not appeal to any public interest. Third, there are some who honestly approve of the declaration of the last National platform in favor of "home rule for and early admission to Statehood" of the three Territories. In reply, the majority of the Republican Senators claim that "early admission" does not mean "immediate admission." They have just reason for resenting, as they do, Senator Quay's charge that their opposition to the omnibus bill makes this platform declaration "a lie." Such a minor statement of a political party cannot be considered an inviolable pledge of action. To say that a question upon the issue of which it is safe to assert not a single Representative in Congress was elected cannot be considered, discussed, and decided upon its merits, but only in machine-like obedience to a statement inserted into the platform by some party manager or committee, is to deny the principle of representative government as it exists in America to-day. Fourth, not a few men conscientiously believe that any kind of representation is better than no representation. As a matter of fact, however, the question is not one primarily of local self-government, but of equal participation with other States in the Senate in molding National life and determining National destiny. We think the States of the Union have a perfect right to withhold the privileges of federal partnership from such a Territory as Arizona, which, as the Senate Committee points out, has a population which is not as great as Evansville, South Bend, and Fort Wayne, Indiana, and from such a Territory as New Mexico, which lacks fifty thousand of the population of Newark, N. J.

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Another Victory for Direct Legislation

The remarkable majority in favor of direct legislation recorded in the recent State election in Illinois was equaled and even exceeded by the majority vote cast in favor of the

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same principle in the recent municipal election in Los Angeles, California. Los Angeles is now a city with more than a hundred thousand people, with an exceptionally small percentage of foreign-born citizens and an exceptionally large percentage of people of education. At the recent city election fifteen amendments to the city charter were submitted to the voters—an event which itself indicates that the principle of direct legislation had been pretty thoroughly accepted even before its formal adoption was moved. Most of these questions related to distinctly local issues, but three of them were of National interest. The first of these provided that the voters themselves might be called upon to pass or veto any proposed city ordinance upon the petition of from five to seven per cent. of the voters. The second provided that the voters might vote upon the recall of an elected official upon the petition of twenty-five per cent. of the voters. The third of the amendments in question provided for the adoption of the principles of Civil Service Reform in the appointment of subordinate city officers, thus reducing the patronage of the elected officials. The vote upon these three questions was as follows:

	For.	Against.
Direct Legislation.....	12,846	1,942
The Recall of Officials.....	9,751	2,470
Civil Service Reform.....	11,180	2,306

Thus the vote was seven to one for direct legislation, five to one for Civil Service Reform, and four to one for the "recall." The direct legislation amendment was very carefully drawn. It recognizes the fact that there are occasionally city ordinances which must go into effect at once, and should not be delayed for the thirty days allowed for the referendum petitions upon ordinary measures. It stipulates, however, that only bills "for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety" shall be classed as "urgency measures," and that these urgency measures shall not become law except by a two-thirds vote of the Council; and it further stipulates that "no grant of any franchise shall be considered to be an urgency measure, but all franchises shall be subject to the referendary vote herein provided." This stipulation will prevent elected officials from treating public franchises as their own private property. The clause providing for the recall of officials seems to us of more than doubtful propriety. Not only might it sometimes be used by partisan opponents to secure a vote for the recall of an elected officer who has done nothing to forfeit public confidence, but it removes one of the brakes necessary to protect democracy against sudden gusts of prejudice and passion, and really attacks representative government at the root. But that this extreme measure for the popular supervision of public servants should have received a majority of four to one is certainly a sign that the people of Los Angeles very strenuously demand that government by politicians shall give place to government by the whole people.

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The Progress of Civil Service Reform

The annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League just held in Philadelphia was marked by a hopeful and encouraging tone. The report of the Council pointed out that "while the strict observance of the civil service rules must be a matter of serious concern for all friends of good government and pure politics, but one occasion has arisen during the past year which justified, in the Council's judgment, remonstrance on the part of the League against a failure thus to observe them." This is indeed a remarkable record, and a tribute to the faithfulness of President Roosevelt to the reform with which his name is linked. It fully justified the statement that "the Council notes as particularly gratifying a very great and rapid advance in the application of the principles advocated by the League during the past year in the Federal service." Among the grounds adduced for this conclusion was mentioned the reorganization of the Civil Service Commission. It now consists of three tried and true friends of the reform, John R. Proctor (who was appointed by President Cleveland upon the recommendation of Mr. Roosevelt, then a Civil Service Commissioner), William Dudley Foulke, and James R. Garfield. The gradual rescission and modification of the much discussed and criticised Executive Order of May 29, 1899, constitute another substantial progress. Still another long step in advance has been the announcement by the Post-

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master-General of a very important change of policy in the intention to treat fourth-class postmasters as holding under ordinary circumstances for an indeterminate term. The report shows that the number of changes in fourth-class offices has been reduced from thirty-six per cent. in 1886 to less than fifteen per cent. in 1902. The report of the Committee on Civil Service in the Dependencies was equally encouraging. It pointed out the firm establishment of the merit system in the Philippines by a friendly Commissioner, and the efforts of the Administration to secure the passage of an adequate law in Porto Rico, where the initiative must be taken by the Insular Legislature, largely composed of natives. The conclusion of this report was particularly significant: "The fact that President Roosevelt, in dealing with appointments in Porto Rico and the Philippines, has been guided by the principles of action laid down in his first annual Message has made directly and forcibly for the creation of a favorable public opinion." Great interest was shown by the convention in the subject of Civil Service Reform in the consular service. Mr. Carl Schurz made this the subject of a forceful address in which he praised both the bills now before Congress (although he believed them capable of improvement), but urged that if they failed of passage, as might well be feared, the President should exercise his Constitutional right to institute of his own motion a proper system of appointment only on ascertained merit.

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Canadian Reciprocity "We are here for mutual profit, to get thoroughly aroused over this question of reciprocity, so that we can go home and do some effective work to bring about the reciprocal relations we want," said Mr. N. G. Staver, as he took the chair at the National Reciprocity Convention in Detroit last week. There was a propriety in holding the Convention there, for in 1866 a protest was raised in Detroit against abrogating the reciprocity treaty which then existed between Great Britain and the United States. As Mayor Maybury said in his address of welcome, it is well that a spot close to Canada should witness the revival of the spirit for reciprocal trade, since the social relations between British and Americans have increased until they are to-day almost as one family. The principal addresses were delivered by Governor Cummins and Judge French, of Iowa, ex-Governor Lind and Mr. Eugene Hay, of Minnesota, ex-State Senator F. D. Pavey, of New York, Mr. Eugene N. Foss, of Massachusetts, and Mr. John Charlton, of Canada. The last named declared that the present trade policy between Canada and the United States is detrimental to the interests of both countries, and efficiently calculated to promote variance and ill feeling. Speaking also on Canadian reciprocity, Mr. Foss said:

> If we can bring it close home to every voter that it is an unfair condition when we buy of our largest per capita customer only forty per cent. of what we sell to her; that upon her side there is a natural and worthy determination to close her markets against us in the advancement of her own manufacturing interests; that the loss of our Canadian trade threatens the losing of our mills and factories; that the policy of "give and take" in trade and commerce is the only policy that promises stability; that the nation at the north exhibits possibilities relatively as great as our own, and that it is a mistaken economy to substitute an artificial trade-barrier for a comprehensive scheme of commercial co-operation—if, in a word, we can impress upon the people that fundamental business principles are being violated by the neglect of our politicians, that the outcome can be only loss and disappointment, then we shall accomplish real progress with this cause of Canadian reciprocity.

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Cuban Reciprocity While it was natural that Canadian reciprocity should be particularly emphasized at Detroit, equally great interest was aroused by the question of Cuban reciprocity. Concerning it Mr. Pavey declared that only a year ago the Cubans were seeking to secure reciprocity with the United States upon almost any terms in order to save themselves from bankruptcy, whereas to-day the United States seeks a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. In view of the improved situation in Cuba, Mr. Pavey thought that it would probably be a good thing for the island if the treaty were beaten in the United States Senate, for the defeat would bring to the front the question of the annexation of Cuba as a State, with free trade between it and the United States. What cannot be accom-

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plished by means of reciprocity treaties may be accomplished by means of tariff revision, or annexation of territory, or both. The resolutions adopted by the Convention call attention to the various reciprocity treaties negotiated by Mr. Kasson, and request that they be ratified. A special plea is made for the ratification of the Newfoundland treaty just negotiated between Secretary Hay and the British Ambassador. The text of that treaty was published last week. It provides not only for free bait and free fish (with a single exception—fresh cod), but for reciprocity in other commodities, and upon others—flour, meats, and petroleum for instance—a very low tariff, providing finally that to no other country shall a lower tariff be granted on these articles than to the United States.

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The Erie Canal and the Lake Route

Important as it may be to the city and State of New York, the construction of an adequate waterway between the Great Lakes and the port of New York is equally important to the grain-growers of the Northwest. The question, therefore, as to improving or superseding the Erie Canal is a National question, though it comes up for decision before the State Legislature. At present, among the many alternatives proposed, practicable and impracticable, there seem to be two that are receiving chief consideration. One is to deepen the present canal, with some unimportant modifications of the route, so that it may be suitable for thousand-ton barges; the other is to change the route by utilizing Lake Ontario for one hundred and twelve miles and Lake Oneida for nineteen and a half miles, following the present canal only from Buffalo to Lockport and from Cohoes to Waterford. The latter plan, which is favored by State Engineer Bond, has certain unquestionable advantages. It is shorter, it will require less maintenance because of the open waterway on the two lakes, it will do away with seven locks, it will be considerably cheaper to build. These purely mechanical merits may possibly outweigh certain of its disadvantages, as for instance the fact that the open waterway would require heavier and more expensive barges than those sufficient for the inland route. The question, however, cannot be decided on its merits merely as a mechanical scheme. Like all other questions with which popular government has to deal, it must be settled in accordance with its adaptation to the needs of the people who are to decide it. The fact that a number of cities which owe their prosperity, if not their very existence, to the present canal would be cut off from direct connection with the waterway if it should follow the lake route, and that such cities as Buffalo, Rochester, and Syracuse would be likely to suffer from consequent deflection of trade, makes it seem almost certain that the more radical plan will be adopted only after a very much further prolonged agitation and discussion, if at all. Much depends upon Governor Odell. If he should favor State Engineer Bond's plan, it would most probably mean the postponement of the whole question—an outcome that will not be unwelcome to some powerful corporate interests, but will be very unfortunate, in our judgment, for the interests not only of this State but of the Northwestern States. The Governor's attitude has been variously reported. It is not likely to be known until he sends his message to the Legislature.

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The Assuân Dam

In beneficence to the natives, no British colonial administrative achievement has surpassed the work done in Egypt and the Sudan. On the boundary between the two lies the town of Assuân, at the first Nile cataract. Opposite the town is the island of Philæ, with its sacred temple of Isis, one of the most romantic ruins in all Egypt. From time immemorial navigation beyond this point has been difficult and dangerous, and the progress of agriculture below annually interrupted by the Nile's low water and the consequent encroachment of the desert. These things should no longer characterize the topography of Egypt and the Sudan; for last week, at Assuân, the great new dam and navigation canal were formally opened by the Duke of Connaught in the name of his brother, Edward VII., as were the barrage and locks at Assiût, half-way to Cairo. The whole forms a notable engineering feat. Work was begun in 1898, and has been completed eight months ahead of contract limit. Hence, last month,

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when the Nile began to subside, the nearly two hundred sluices of the dam (which is a mile and a quarter long) were closed to store the water until the end of March, when the flood returns. The dam's capacity is vast enough, not only to afford perennial navigation to the new channel around the cataract, as far as Wâdi-Halfa, but also—and this is, of course, its chief reason-of-being—to give to Egypt during the season of low water a sufficient supply, by means of irrigation canals, to produce two crops a year. Thus, in proportion to area and population, Egypt should become one of the wealthiest agricultural countries in the world. But this is not all. The Egyptian fellahîn were once scorned as little better than slaves. They are still fatalistic and superstitious in religion, but, under the advantages which they have been enjoying through Viscount Cromer's wise administration, have been making noteworthy progress towards self-reliance and thrift. Now that they see a great force of nature controlled by the British "oppressor," to the patent good of the land and of themselves, they may be more than ever attracted to those very modern methods of civilization which, in the most venerable of lands, have abolished the knout—that symbol of slavery—have offered instead education and immunity from grinding taxation, and now offer yet greater riches.

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Is Baptism a Prerequisite to Church Membership?

The Rev. Dr. R. P. Johnson, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York City, has produced a considerable interest in theological circles by a paper read recently before the Baptist Church Congress in which he took the ground that baptism is not necessary to church membership. The following paragraph we quote from the New York "Tribune's" report of this address:

> Could there be a church without baptism? One's answer must depend upon one's views of the efficacy of baptism. I assume that baptism is an expression of confession merely, an act of obedience only, and that it is essential neither to salvation nor to the highest type of Christian character. To make baptism essential to church membership is to perpetuate its cleavage in the body of Christ along the line of ceremony merely. It would compel us, for the sake of a ceremonial observance, to disregard the fundamental Biblical principle of the right and duty of individual freedom of Scriptural interpretation. The policy of receiving members without baptizing them has been followed by many English Baptist churches. Its adoption here would not mean the discontinuance of baptism nor the disappearance of immersion.

We agree absolutely with Dr. Johnson. Strictly speaking, neither baptism nor the Lord's Supper was originally a church ordinance, and certainly baptism was not a prerequisite to the first communion. That communion was held by Christ with the eleven before the Christian Church was organized; the Passover feast which it supplanted was a family, not a church, festival; not one of the eleven who shared in the first communion had ever received Christian baptism; and there is no reason to think that more than four of these had ever been baptized by John the Baptizer. The Lord's Supper was originally a simple festal meal, generally held in private houses, and in memory of the Master; and baptism was a ceremonial form of confessing Christ borrowed probably from an antecedent ceremony which accompanied the act of receiving a proselyte from paganism to Judaism, by which he signified that he disowned and washed away his old pagan beliefs and practices. It thus soon grew to be the customary door of admission to the Church, and later, in Roman Catholic theology, a necessary condition of admission to the kingdom of God and therefore to heaven. Even unbaptized infants, however helpless and innocent, were supposed to be left in the vestibule of hell because they had not been baptized. Dr. Johnson, if we understand aright his position, is simply reaffirming the attitude of the Apostolic Church, the only essential qualifications for membership in which were spiritual, not ceremonial. His paper is one of the many indications of a trend in our time away from insistence on the accidents and externals of religion toward its essential life and spirit.

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Leo XIII. on Bible Study

The text has lately arrived in this country of the Pope's recently issued encyclical letter entitled "The Study of the Scriptures." The Outlook has already chronicled the telegraphed summary of this important letter, by which the Pope establishes a

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Council of Commissioners to sit in Rome "to devote their entire energy to insure that the Divine Words may receive that more minute explanation of them demanded by the time, and may be not only preserved from all taint of error, but even raised above rash opinions." The following principles are laid down for the Commission's observance: (1) They are carefully to investigate the modern trend of thought as regards Bible study, and deem nothing discovered by modern research as foreign to their purpose—nay, they will use the utmost diligence and promptitude in taking up and turning to public use whatever may from day to day be discovered useful for Biblical exegesis. Thus, for instance, they will pay great attention to philology, with its kindred sciences. (2) On the other hand, however, with regard to the uncompromising maintenance of Scripture authority, they must exercise earnest care and diligence, working especially to prevent among the faithful the prevalence of that objectionable mode of thinking and acting which attributes undue weight to the opinions of the heterodox. "For no Catholic can have any doubt about the proof, which we have already dwelt upon at greater length, that God did not deliver up the Scriptures to the private judgment of doctors, but gave them to be interpreted by the teaching authority of the Church. . . . The legitimate sense of Holy Scripture is not by any means to be found outside the Church, nor can it be handed down by those who have repudiated the Church's teaching power and authority." (3) With regard to the exposition of the Scriptures, in texts the sense of which has been determined, men must be convinced that this is the only interpretation which can be approved according to sound hermeneutics; but "*there are a number of texts on which there has hitherto been given no certain and definite exposition by the Church; and here private doctors may follow and defend that opinion which seems to them individually to be the most reasonable;* but in these cases the analogy of faith and Catholic teaching are to be followed as a guiding principle." While from the very nature of the case the Pope is compelled to defend the official statements of the Church as the true interpreters of the Bible, nevertheless, by the sentence which we have italicized, he establishes a starting-point looking towards greater individuality and comprehensiveness of scholarship.

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The Theater as an Adjunct of the Church

The Rev. Walter E. Bentley, formerly an actor and now rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher of New York City, has been fitting up the basement of his church for theatrical representations, and has already announced that the old morality play of "Everyman" will be produced there. Mr. Bentley's idea in this is to attract people to the church, and to make again of the theater, what it once was, a distinct and valuable adjunct to the church. In this connection we find interesting reading in the recently issued Year-Book of St. George's Church, New York City, in which Dr. Rainsford, the rector, calls attention to the St. George's Dramatic Society. He says:

> It has met a long-felt need; the young people engaged in it have taken it up, not only with enthusiasm, but with perseverance. Where we are chiefly handicapped is that we have no room. Each year of my work but confirms me in the opinion that nothing is more important than that the young people of St. George's Church should meet one another socially and in a healthy atmosphere. I have rung the changes on this theme again and again. . . . The social needs . . . are not yet recognized as they ought to be.

Writing to The Outlook on this subject, Dr. Rainsford says:

> A great number of our East Side young men and women—as a rule, the smartest and best among them—are interested in dramatic affairs. I have had a splendid fellow at the head of our dramatic society; and the members are doing quite serious work in helping our parish organization in many ways. I greatly need a hall where the social requirements of my people could in some way be met. We have constant drills, dances, sociables, and occasionally we give plays. For this purpose we have to hire halls. This is very hard to do; it takes our people from the neighborhood of the church, and almost invariably subjects them to temptations to drink in the basement of these halls. . . . But though my parish building is full from roof to cellar, I have no room in it for this sort of thing.

As is well known, the parish building of St. George's is one of the largest and most thoroughly equipped in the country, but the need for still more room, to be devoted in part to the purpose of giving dramatic representations, is, together with

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Mr. Bentley's plan, an indication of the desire to supply a real want.——Aside from this, the summary of present conditions at St. George's as a result of the rector's two decades' work is of great interest. In January, 1883, there was only a handful of people in attendance; pressure was brought to bear to move the church uptown, and options on uptown property were secured. That it is possible to continue a downtown church, however, and to make it an enginery of infinite good, has been impressively shown. When Dr. Rainsford accepted the rectorship, he made it a condition that St. George's should stay where it was, that it should be free, and that it should try to reach the crowds living in its immediate vicinity. At the present time about 8,300 persons claim union with the church, the vastly greater proportion being men, women, and children who live by weekly wage. Out of the number above mentioned only 589 live in private houses. Dr. Rainsford and his vestry have led the way in a broad-gauge movement which implies revolutionary changes in church work.

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Mary of Magdala Sound taste and instinctive perception of threatened irreverence have discountenanced several attempts to act a Passion play in various forms on our theatrical stage. That a stage performance having a religious subject may be given without shocking religious sentiment has been shown this season, first by the revival of the morality play "Everyman," of which we have already spoken, and now by Mrs. Fiske's presentation of Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala." It is true that in the veteran German author's play the prime purpose is artistic rather than didactic, that fiction is allowed wide scope in dealing with the Bible story, and that the note is that of romanticism; but the treatment is essentially reverent, and the effect of Jesus' teaching and presence on his disciples, on the common people, and on his enemies is shown forth with simplicity and sincerity. Heyse's management of the dramatic construction is technically remarkably deft; he avoids without apparent awkwardness the necessity of making Jesus appear upon the scene, yet his influence and power affect every character and every action, and this in such a way that one feels that the author must have been moved by reverential purpose as well as by artistic taste. The story very cleverly imagines the lives of Mary of Magdala, Judas, and a young Roman, the nephew of Pontius Pilate, to be interwoven, and after Mary's repentance pictures her as subjected to a torturing temptation, to yield to which she believes would save her Lord. Her victory over this temptation affords Mrs. Fiske a dramatic opportunity for what is by far the strongest piece of acting in her not always satisfying impersonation of Mary. Notably strong also is the dramatist's invention by which a motive other than mere vile cupidity is ascribed to Judas—a part vigorously acted by Mr. Tyrone Power; as a fierce lover of Judæan national independence and liberty, Judas is represented as turned from love of Jesus to hate when the doctrine "Love your enemies" is pronounced. The stage setting of the play has been carefully studied and is decidedly effective; a typical Jerusalem street, a Roman hall, a frightful gorge where Judas seeks refuge in the glare of lightning and roll of thunder after his dreadful deed has wrought its work—all these are in themselves well worth seeing. Such a play must be judged as regards its relation to religious feeling, not by its exact Biblical rendering, but by its spirit; and, allowing for the fact that Heyse is not trying to preach a sermon but to tell a story, the spirit of "Mary of Magdala" deserves praise.

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Missions in Turkey Last week President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay received a deputation representing religious bodies in the United States which are engaged in religious and educational work in the Turkish Empire. The deputation was headed by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, President of the New York City Chamber of Commerce, and also President of the Board of Trustees of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût. The deputation presented a formal address declaring that the affairs of American religious and educational institutions in the Turkish Empire are in such a serious condition at the present time as to demand the immediate attention of the United States Government. They do not enjoy

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the same rights as are accorded to French, Russian, German, and Italian institutions. For the United States not to ask for similar concessions would be, in the words of the address, "to acknowledge our inferiority." Russia and France, in particular, have secured from Turkey immunity from taxation for all schools, and, furthermore, have the right to open religious and educational institutions whenever and wherever they desire. Not only have our Missionary Boards no such rights, but American schools and churches have in some cases been closed by arbitrary authority. "Our appeal," the address concluded, "is for civilization and humanity and justice—an appeal which will have the hearty indorsement of our Nation." The statements made were heard by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay with keen interest; and while they did not formally indicate what action they would probably take, the members of the deputation left the White House feeling that the interests of our missions in Turkey were safe in the watchful and vigorous care of statesmen who undoubtedly understand as well as any others that the Sultan is really amenable to but one argument—force.

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The Regatta Commemoration

The semi-centennial year of the first intercollegiate regatta in this country, the authentic story of which was told in The Outlook, June 1, 1901, was commemorated at the University Club, New York, December 10, by a reunion and dinner of surviving members of the clubs and crews concerned in it. The meeting was of a private and informal character, but of more than private interest, as it commemorated not only the Winnepesaukee regatta between Harvard and Yale in 1852, but also, as President Hadley said in a congratulatory note, "the semi-centennial of American intercollegiate athletics. The development of these, now become international, dates from that event." The consequences of this, while liable in some points of view to the criticisms often heard, have been on the whole beneficial. Not only, as was said at the commemoration, has more rowing led to less *rowing*, but the formerly isolated academic groups have been drawn together; unity of feeling and solidarity of interest have been gradually developed in the student world. This view of the original regatta, as an event with a noteworthy sequel, was strongly emphasized at the commemoration. Of the four clubs that met in 1852, three men were present from each. The two "'Varsity" crews of 1902 were represented by the stroke-oar of each as invited guests. It is remarkable that at the end of the half-century fourteen of the twenty-seven who composed the racing crews survive—a record of vitality far surpassing the average of college classes. A souvenir booklet was distributed at the reunion, among the illustrations of which was a view of the entire course rowed on the lake.

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Christmas, 1902

Christmas has become the most expensive festival of the year; but it is a question whether a good deal of its sentiment and significance has not been lost in the lavishness of giving. It is to be feared that that which ought to be purely spontaneous has become mechanical, and that which ought to be the joyous expression of one's feeling, a burden. In a great many families Christmas brings, instead of joy, weariness and vexation of spirit. The soul has gone out of it, while more and more emphasis has been thrown upon the form. The best way to cure the wrong observance of a festival is to go back to its deeper meaning.

No age has ever needed Christmas more than ours; no children have ever needed its teaching more than the children of this generation; no homes since the first Christmas was celebrated have needed its sanctifying touch, its illuminating truth, more than the homes of to-day. Christmas ought to be relieved of its burdens in order that it may be more intelligently and enthusiastically celebrated. In our busy life the great festivals of the year ought not to be slurred over; they ought to be made occasions for the expression of the richest life of the home. Nothing interprets a home more clearly to children than a thorough and joyful keeping of the great festivals; and when men grow old, nothing stands out with greater distinctness in the memory than the songs and shouts and the faces associated with old-time festivities. Now, when work is

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so engrossing and interests so many, there ought to be greater emphasis on the day which has for its special lesson the dwelling of the divine in the human, the identification of the obscurest and humblest conditions with the highest and most spiritual privileges. Christmas translates our common, every-day life into the highest speech of angels. No other day approaches it in the glory of its revelation of what life is and ought to be, in the glory of its disclosure of what God thinks of men and what men ought to think of one another.

In this age, too, every effort ought to be made to cultivate the imagination. Dealing with great energy with things, almost overwhelmed with material of all sorts, this generation needs, as no other generation has needed, the outlook through the windows of the imagination on the larger landscape of life. If it is to bear its burdens and not grow weary of its prosperity, so that the things which it makes turn to dust in its hands, it must have the higher vision of life; it must understand how to set tools, instruments, and materials of all sorts to spiritual uses. Everything ought to be done to stimulate and develop the imagination of children; and Christmas ought to be made to appeal to them, not only through its beautiful religious associations, but through its fairy lore, its traditions of every sort—the immense and rich literature of story which has gathered about it. With these great stories the minds of all children ought to be saturated; for they are of the highest educational importance. They do not impart information, but they do something a great deal better: they liberate the imagination, they open the mind of the child, they enrich it for all future time. The great traditions and stories of Christmas ought to be within the reach of every child; ought to be told to him long before he can understand their deeper meaning; and the observance of the day ought to vivify and recall these traditions in every way. A little superstition is a great deal better for a child than the cold, critical disillusion with which comes barrenness of heart and brain.

The reaction against the somewhat sentimental Christmas of our English forefathers has gone too far. We have grown too matter-of-fact. We have the courage of our convictions, but very few of us have the courage of our emotions. We are not afraid to define our beliefs, but we shrink from defining our hopes and aspirations. We ought to bring back the glow of the older Christmas. Organized charity has a great work and is doing it, but organized charity can never take the place of individual charity, nor can scientific giving be substituted for individual giving. It is the duty of every fortunate person to make a Christmas for some unfortunate person; of every prosperous household to make a Christmas in some unfortunate home.

The best preparation for Christmas is to read again some of the best Christmas literature. No man will be harmed by reading once more Dickens's "Christmas Carol." He may be amused by some of its machinery, but he may well take its spirit to heart. Every home would be uplifted if Milton's great Hymn were read aloud in it. Alexander Smith's charming essay on Christmas in "Dreamthorpe," Irving's pictures of the old English Christmas in "The Sketch-Book," Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's two charming stories, "Santa Claus's Partner" and "Captured Santa Claus," Mr. Janvier's "Christmas Kalends in Provence," and Mrs. Riggs's "The Birds' Christmas Carol," may be counted among the old and new literature which has the flavor of the time, the sentiment of the yule-log and mistletoe, and the heartfelt friendliness which ought to issue out of every Christmas-tide.

The wise and the good are those who remain children at heart. The men and women for whom Christmas has entirely lost its charm have parted with something more than an old-time tradition; they have lost something out of themselves which is a large part of the charm of life. In this country our children live with us; they sit at our tables, they hear us talk; it is part of their best education. We must also live with our children, keep in touch with their hopes, in sympathy with their motives; above all, we must enjoy their pleasures. If Christmas has become a memory to us, let us begin once more to kindle the fire on the hearthstones, to light the tapers on the tree, to get and to give the warmth that comes from a thousand human illustrations in a thousand beautiful ways of the great truth that the

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divinest thing in the world is love, and the greatest joy of God is giving.

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The Duty of Congress and the Duty on Coal

We call upon Congress to remove at once, or to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend at once, all duty on all kinds of coal. We call upon our readers to write to their Congressmen and Senators making the same demand. It should be put, too, not as a polite request, but as a demand. It is difficult to exaggerate the critical situation in which the coal-consuming public finds itself to-day. The experience of every reader of these lines who lives on the North Atlantic seaboard or in the Northwest will confirm the stories of which the daily newspapers are full. The workingman who is compelled, both by the limits of his pocketbook and by the limits of his home, to buy coal in small quantities finds the price prohibitive, and the well-to-do man and even the rich man are suffering not only anxiety but often actual physical discomfort involving danger to health. In the neighborhood of New York, even those who can pay and are willing to pay an advanced price for the sake of obtaining necessary fuel are compelled by the lack of coal to resort to various impracticable makeshifts in order to keep warm. Anthracite coal is protected by an effectual, and bituminous coal by an actual, duty of 67 cents per ton. If Congress removes or suspends the duty on all kinds of coal, the relief will be very considerable, for not only will there be larger importations of Welsh anthracite, but Nova Scotian coal can come into New England, relieving there the pressure upon the supply of anthracite, which can then be devoted more freely to domestic purposes. It does not meet the question to say that the public must learn to get on without anthracite coal, that it can burn oil or bituminous coal or gas. It undoubtedly can learn to do these things, but to burn substitutes for anthracite coal requires changes in stoves, furnaces, grates, flues, and the like—which take time, and during that time in midwinter suffering and illness come. In our opinion, Congress will be politically negligent of its duty as well as guilty of selfish indifference to human suffering if it does not take up this question promptly and afford the country the relief which the suspension of the duty on coal must bring. It is a condition of the people and not a political theory which confronts us. But even politically speaking we think that Congress could not take an action which would be more popular at the present moment than to admit foreign coal, for six months at least, without restriction. We hope that individual citizens as well as newspapers all over the country will do all that can be done to impress upon Congress the necessity of free coal.

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The Rights of the "Strike-Breaker"

A correspondent in another column argues for the right of labor unions to prevent by force the "strike-breaker" from working when there is a strike. He appears to us to confound moral right and legal right, and they are not identical; and to confound the functions of voluntary organizations and government, which are also not identical. The question at issue between us is not whether it is honorable, in case of a strike, for a workingman to interfere, and, by underbidding the striking workingman, to do what he can to defeat his fellow-worker from securing justice. We think that this is distinctly dishonorable, unless he who so interferes is very sure that the employer is wholly right and the striking workingmen are wholly wrong. The questions at issue between us and our correspondent are two: first, has the striking workingman a right to forbid a competitor outside of his union from so interfering? second, has the union a right to compel submission to its prohibition by violence? To both these questions The Outlook replies unhesitatingly, No!

Let it be granted that it is morally wrong for a "strike-breaker" to interfere and underbid his fellow in a strike. There are many moral wrongs which are not to be prevented or punished by force. Extravagance is a moral wrong; but this does not make it right to establish a standard of simplicity, and strip off the jewels and the robes from any one who goes beyond

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it. Idleness is a moral wrong; but this does not make it right to drive the idler to work under the lash. Gluttony in eating is a moral wrong; but this does not make it right for society to stand censor at the private citizen's table and regulate his diet. It is no more dishonorable for a "strike-breaker" to take his neighbor's job than for a physician to entice away his neighbor's patients, or a minister to entice away his neighbor's congregation. But no one proposes to stone the doctor for doing the one, or dynamite the preacher for doing the other. There are wrongs which we leave to be corrected by the power of an enlightened conscience and public opinion. Violence transfers public opinion from the side of the strikers on whose behalf the violence is offered to those against whom it is exercised.

But if the demand of the striker for non-interference were ever so just and the interference of the "strike-breaker" ever so unjust, the union has no right to enforce the one or punish the other by compulsion. No organization has a right to make and enforce laws save over its own members. The State of Massachusetts cannot make laws for the citizens of New York, nor the United States laws for the subjects of Russia. We went to war with Great Britain because she attempted to make and enforce laws over American seamen who were not her subjects. This is exactly what a labor union does when it enacts a law, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job," and undertakes to enforce it against a non-union man. It endeavors to enforce a law against one who is not subject to the union. The United States drafted soldiers in the Civil War from its own citizens; Great Britain drafted seamen from those who were not its own subjects. Our correspondent cites the action of the United States to justify the trades-union in following the example of Great Britain. No government could exist which should allow private organizations to make and enforce laws over the general community. This would be to abdicate the very functions of government and set up, not one *imperium in imperio*, but as many as individual enterprise might invent and combined energy might make effective. The railroad could make a law that no union men should ride on its trains; the trades-union could make a law that no non-union men should operate them; and the public would be helpless while the civil war waged between these two militant bodies.

If obedience to the command, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job," is ever to be compelled and disobedience of it punished by force, it can be done in a free State only by the enactment of that command as a law by the Legislature of the State and its enforcement by the officers of the State. We do not for a moment imagine that such a law will ever be passed; but certainly the people of America will never consent that a private combination shall issue edicts for the community and enforce obedience to them by stones, shillalahs, and dynamite. If they did, they would cease to be a civilized people, because they would cease to be a people governed by law.

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True Giving

In a thoughtful and suggestive discussion, in a small volume, of "The Power of Truth," which bears the imprint of Brentano, Mr. William George Jordan says some suggestive things about gratitude and the spirit in which services should be rendered. "The essence of truest kindness lies in the grace with which it is performed. Some men seem to discount all gratitude, almost make it impossible by the way in which they grant favors. They make you feel so small, so mean, so inferior; your cheeks burn with indignation in the acceptance of the boon you seek at their hands. You feel that it is like a bone thrown at a dog instead of a quick, sympathetic graciousness that forestalls your explanations and waives your thanks with a smile, the pleasure of one friend who has been favored with the opportunity to be of service to another. . . . Let us forget the good deeds we have done by making them seem small in comparison with the greater things we are doing and the still greater acts we hope to do. This is true generosity, and will develop gratitude in the soul of him who has been helped, unless he is so petrified in selfishness as to make it impossible. But constantly reminding a man of the favors he has received from you almost cancels the debt." To give and to receive

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in the right spirit are tests of character. The frequent complaints of ingratitude which one hears from some people generally indicate that the persons who make the complaints do not give in the right spirit. About true giving there is a delicacy which makes it impossible, except in very unusual circumstances, to lodge a complaint against the recipient; for with all true giving goes a certain forgetfulness.

The essence of true giving lies in the fact that one does not measure the cost; the moment the element of bargaining enters into it, it ceases to be a true gift and becomes to that extent a matter of barter. He who gives in order that he may receive gratitude in exchange sells and does not bestow. The joy of giving lies in the bestowal, not in the return. It is very natural that he who has given generously to another should be hurt when, instead of evoking kindness, he evokes distrust or indifference; or, as sometimes happens, misunderstanding and misrepresentation. When this happens, however, one should distrust his own judgment rather than the value of his gift. One ought not to give unless the recipient knows how to receive: to give to one who does not know how to receive is to that extent to pauperize him; for no man ought ever to receive anything for which he does not give something in return; and he who gives ingratitude in return is not worthy of the gift and is hurt by it. It is the duty of every man to help, no matter how his help is taken; but he must help wisely. To extend help unwisely is often to hinder. All real giving is an expression of helpfulness, and all real giving must therefore be wise giving.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

March 27.

GENOA. When I looked out of our porthole this morning from the steamer moored at the wharf in Genoa, I might easily have imagined that we were lying off a Western town on the bluffs of the Missouri or Mississippi River, so raw, crude, unfinished, did the city appear—a city in the process of making. When I went up on deck, the appearance of the city seen as a whole no longer made this suggestion, and when we went on shore the resemblance disappeared altogether; and at the same time the reason for it was explained. In Genoa new Italy and old Italy are curiously commingled. Genoa is, I believe, Italy's principal seaport, certainly the principal port for the northern portion; and since Italy has become united, and passed out from under Papal and Bourbon control, it has expanded commercially and industrially with a rapidity hardly surpassed by that of one of our own newly settled States. I do not know that it has progressed in either agriculture or manufactures—perhaps I shall know more by and by; but commercially it has advanced by leaps and bounds. The Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd Companies run in combination a line of steamers to Genoa and Naples; an Italian line of steamers plies between the latter city—perhaps Genoa also—and New York; and Italy divides the local carrying trade of the Mediterranean with France and Austria. Genoa, perhaps more than any other Italian city, has felt the effect of this commercial revolution, following the political revolution which dethroned the Bourbons and the Pope, and united the before jealous Italian States in one kingdom. The harbor of Genoa, with its bustle on the wharves, its incoming and outgoing steamers, its host of smaller craft, all crowded into a much smaller space than is the maritime life in Boston or New York, and so presenting an even greater aspect of maritime activity, furnishes a pictorial demonstration of this commercial development. A scene we saw this morning curiously illustrates one phase of it: a large ocean steamer came in from Brazil bringing a throng of Italians of the laboring class returning from South America. The approaching winter season did not promise them employment there, so they were returning to spend in their own loved sunny Italy the money which they had made and saved on the Western continent. How it was possible to pack so many human beings

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into so relatively few cubic feet of space none of us could understand. The steamship looked like a floating beehive, and the Italians on the deck like a swarm of bees. They were presently carried off in small boats, with their queer luggage piled around them, to quarantine, to await the "law's delays" before final landing.

The combination of old and new makes Genoa a city of curious contrasts. Driving through the city, we passed along broad avenues cut through old portions of the city, the hills cut down—for Genoa is built on hills—the valleys filled up, old houses being demolished, new houses going up. We drove in five minutes from new Genoa to old Genoa, and were in streets so narrow that the residents of the upper stories might almost shake hands across the street, and easily can, and I suspect do, carry on gossip with one another; streets bounded by tenements six, eight, or even ten stories in height, the walls ornamented with ancient frescoes, peeping at us from between the articles of the week's wash hung in graceful festoons from the windows like decorations for a festal day. Now we were in a lane so narrow that there was scarce room for our carriage, which must drive on a walk lest it run over some of the children that swarm out of the crowded tenement; now in an avenue so broad as to give abundant room to the trolley line in the center of the avenue without discommoding the carriages; now we were looking up between the tenements at a narrow strip of blue sky overhead, as we might look up from the bottom of a sunless cañon in Colorado; now we were looking off from a plaza on the brow of one of the encircling hills upon the city below and the harbor around which the city clusters; now we had as street companions half-dressed children and hard, weary-faced women, with colored kerchiefs for headgear, and short skirts and sometimes ragged and dirty ones; now we had fine ladies reclining at ease in luxurious carriages as they who had never known either work or care, and theatrically appareled nurses with babies as much overdressed in their fluffy garments as their infantile brothers in the poorer quarter were underdressed in their rags and tatters. And yet in it all a certain picturesqueness of color, and, to the stranger, oddity of fashion, which went far to redeem the one aspect from mere ostentation and the other from mere squalor.

There are palaces and, I believe, some picture galleries in Genoa; but a friend advised me against spending much time in them. You will see, he said, better palaces and better picture galleries elsewhere in Italy, and a surfeit of them. We took his advice and passed by the palaces and galleries and show-places—with one exception presently to be mentioned. We had a little shopping to do, some money to exchange, a telegram or two to send, and then we took a carriage and a guide for a sightseeing drive about the city. Guides in cities are my *bête noire*. I am glad I got that guide in Genoa, for he demonstrated the general uselessness of the incumbrance—that is, to a careless tourist who is going to Europe not to improve his mind. He took us to a shop, which doubtless paid him a commission on our purchases; kindly gave us Italian paper money for our gold, whereby, as we afterwards learned, he made a second generous commission; introduced us to a poor restaurant where we got a second-class dinner for a first-class price; from his perch on the box gave us, in very broken English, information which was worthless—"This is the palace of Prince A, this the residence of Signor B, this the City Hall, this the Museum, this the Art Gallery," etc., etc.—information which I dropped out of mind before we had turned out of the street in which it was given. He carried us, it is true, to the house in which Columbus was born, or lived, or died, or did something, I forget now what—a house which looked like any other in the row except that it was possibly a trifle smaller and shabbier than the average; and we afterward learned that it was very doubtful whether Columbus ever saw the house or so much as knew of its existence. Then he took us over the hills which environ the city, to the Campo Santo, which we did not need him to find for us, since Baedeker, the all-knowing Baedeker, the friendly Baedeker, the companionable Baedeker, the indispensable Baedeker, had told us all about it, and just how to get there.

This Campo Santo is the burying-place

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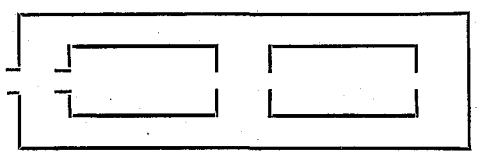
of the city, the cemetery for its dead; and was as interesting as it was, to an American, curious. We drove up to a long, low, square edifice, apparently covering a large extent of ground; left our carriage and passed into a courtyard and thence under an arched gateway, and found ourselves in a series of cloisters inclosing a square, or, to speak more accurately, a parallelogram, which might contain, at a guess, an acre and a half or two acres of ground. This parallelogram was divided into two yards of, I should guess, equal size by a cloister running across from one side to the other in a fashion something like this rough diagram. The Campo Santo being built at the foot and on



the side of a hill, the cloisters along one side of the parallelogram were on a terrace or embankment, bringing the floor of the cloister and an accompanying chapel at about the level of the roof of the other cloisters. The yards were filled with the graves of the common people; the cloisters with the tombs of the noble and the wealthy. Dives had a tomb, Lazarus a gravestone. These tombs in the cloisters were made the occasion for elaborate groups of statuary. To this extent the Campo Santo of Genoa might be compared with the portion of Westminster Abbey set apart for the burial of the noble dead, but with this very important difference: public authority decides who may be buried in Westminster Abbey; I judge that any one who can purchase a site and put up a monument of a given size and quality may have a burial in Campo Santo of Genoa.

All show places for the dead are exceedingly distasteful to me; of all show places for the dead that I have ever seen, the Campo Santo of Genoa is the most distasteful. The statuary was interesting, and much of it marvelous in its technique: the lace-work on the robe of the mourning wife or mother who was a favorite figure in the groups was extraordinarily delicate; one might almost take it for real lace. Some of the conceptions embodied were poetic, as, for example, one in which death was represented as itself slain, while the triumphant victor over death rose from the tomb above death's prostrate figure. In one group the ingenious sculptor had, with great skill, employed a device as remarkable in its effect as it was simple in its design. An angel appeared to be upsoaring on extended wing; it stood out from the stone and above the earth, which its feet were not touching. Extraordinary lightness had been given to the figure by the sculptor, and it was not until I gave it a second look that I discovered that the figure was really supported in its place by its gossamer robe of white marble which swept the ground. And yet, despite all the ingenuity, I found myself wondering, admiring, curious, but untouched. There were two or three simple, unostentatious single figures which had feeling in them; but on most of the groups I found myself looking, not with any emotion of pity or sorrow or hope, but only with curious wonder how the chisel could produce such effects. They were as cold as the marble of which they were made. The mysterious fire of life was not in them. A friend more familiar with modern art than I am tells me that there is no modern Italian art; and after seeing Campo Santo I can well believe her. In the figure of one old man who brought a tiny candle to light and place before one of these tombs there was more pathos than in all the studied attempt of the sculptor's art to interpret the sorrows of life. Even the mechanical ingenuity of the sculptors and the often exquisite delicacy of their work was in many cases robbed of its legitimate effect by the rusty iron wreaths, the unlighted lamps, the empty vases, and the withered flowers which too often stood at the tomb; emblematical of respect for convention and of absolute forgetfulness, not of that tender affection which they were supposed to emblemize, they gave to this sculpture gallery something of the unkempt appearance which two often disgraces the American village graveyard. The sense of the seriousness of life, the solemnity of death, the tragic disruptions and dislocations which death brings, and the infinite pity of it all which hushes us into silence and makes us speak in whispers before the weather-beaten gravestones in simpler burial-places,

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were wholly wanting in the exhibitory cloisters of the Campo Santo. In vain were the exclamations of our guide who obligingly told us what to admire. They evoked no response from any of our party.

March 28, Good Friday.

We took to-day for a visit to Milan. The Matron remained on the steamer. H——, B——, and two fellow-passengers, with myself, made up the party for the day. The railroad ride of about four hours, climbing a tortuous valley, through more than a score of tunnels, up on to the plains of Lombardy, and over these plains through cultivated fields which did something to answer my questions as to the agricultural prosperity of Italy, though nothing to answer the question how much of this prosperity goes to the farmer, how much in rent to the landlord, and how much in taxes to the Government—brought us at about noon to Milan. The station here furnished us foreigners with a convenience which I should like to see furnished by our great railroad corporations at their stations in such cities as New York and Chicago. There was an official on the platform in uniform with the word "Interpreter" on his cap. I supposed him to be a Cook agent, but on applying to him for information found him to be an official of the road put there to give aid to just such ignorant travelers as myself. He told us how to go to the Cathedral, what car to take, how to get from there to the church containing Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," how long it would take us, and what time our return train to Genoa left, and did not disdain a modest "tip," which amounted to considerably less than the carriage-fare which his information saved us. I had been prepared by a friend to be disappointed in the Cathedral, but was even more disappointed than I had expected to be. B—— says it reminds her of a frosted wedding-cake, but I wonder if that is because the architect of Milan Cathedral took the wedding-cake for his model, or because the architects of the wedding-cakes have taken Milan Cathedral for their model. As an orator should lead the hearer up through all the successive steps of his oration to a climax, as the novel should conduct the reader through all its plotting and counterplotting to a dénouement, so I suspect the ideal cathedral should carry the mind of the spectator to its artistic culmination. Milan Cathedral is an oration without a climax, a novel without a dénouement, an edifice without a culmination. Its façade is squatty; a Gothic façade should soar, that of Milan waddles; the spire is not even visible from the front of the cathedral, and is relatively insignificant from whatever point it is seen. Within the cathedral this criticism is no longer applicable. The pillars are supports for statuary of heroic size; each pillar is a stanza, combined they are a poem; each pillar is a strain of music, combined they are an orchestral harmony.

But neither painting, literature, music, nor architecture is so impressive as life: I shall never forget the impression one little incident in the Milan Cathedral produced upon me. In front of the steps leading up to the chancel, on a sort of stone bed or platform raised to about the height of an ordinary writing-table above the floor, lay an iron cross with an iron figure of the Saviour extended upon it. There was absolutely nothing artistic, nothing worthy of a second glance, in this crucifix. It was as absolutely commonplace and conventional as ecclesiastical stupidity inspiring mechanical drudgery could design and execute. But in the eyes of the Italian worshipers, mainly women, it stood for something, I know not what. They came, looked at it, kissed it on the feet, or side, or brow, with a kiss as carelessly conventional as the handshake of fashionable ladies at an afternoon tea. I was looking at this scene with curious interest, speculating on the relation of this ceremonial to genuine religion, and, with, I am afraid, a tinge of pharisaic Protestantism, wondering how this spiritual etiquette, if it could be designated by so large a name, was regarded by Him who was the supposed object of the supposed adoration, when a boy of perhaps eight or nine years of age approached the table. He was so small that he had a little difficulty in reaching the crucifix with his lips. But in his devotion there was nothing careless, nothing conventional. He kissed the image again and again, on the breast, the brow, the lips, passionately, as a boy of deep and demonstrative emotion might have kissed

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the loved mother if she lay before him on her couch in death. And then, with one long, lingering look of love, he turned away, and I turned too, not meaning that the beauty of that scene should be spoiled by the irreverent kisses of a superficial if not pseudo piety. What will be the history of that boy, I wonder? Will he grow up to be a second Savonarola? Italy surely needs one. She will not listen to Protestants; but she would listen eagerly to a sincere, an earnest, a devout, a genuinely pious, and a genuinely patriotic Roman Catholic; and though piety and patriotism are just now at sword's points in Italy, they need not be. Or will he become a second Francis of Assisi, remaining in the Church, loving the Church, devoted to the Church, loyal to the institutions of the Church, and wearing his heart out in an endeavor to fill their fountains with something of the life which they once possessed? Or will he enter the priesthood to become a mere mechanician, and look back with a fine cynical scorn on the youthful enthusiasms which, had they been kept alive, might have made a martyr of him, but certainly would have made a man of him? Or will the action of his passionate nature against the formalism which surrounds him sweep him out and away from the Church, and from all institutional religion, until not only all his acquaintances but he also will think himself to be an infidel, for no other reason than that he believes so intently?

Presently we went up on to the roof, and the roof of Milan Cathedral is a wonderful gallery of statuary; it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no place where a niche could be put that there is not a niche; and it is, I think, literally true that there is not a niche, however small, that is not occupied by a statue; nor a pinnacle—and the roof is forested with pinnacles—that is not elaborately carved, if not also capped by a statue. The detail is beyond all description exquisite. The architect has reveled in statues, and, where statues are impossible, in delicate carvings and traceries. But the roof of a cathedral is not the place for a gallery of sculpture; on the roof of Milan Cathedral this beauty is not merely lost, but it is out of place; and beauty out of place is not artistic. The most beautiful thing, however, to be seen from the roof of the Milan Cathedral is not its flying buttresses, exquisite traceries, and innumerable statuettes—it is the panorama of the snow-capped Alps, with Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the summits of the St. Gothard Pass all in view in clear weather, which fortunately we had.

From the cathedral we drove to the church made famous by the picture of the Last Supper which Leonardo da Vinci has painted on the walls of the refectory of the adjoining monastery. Said a wise friend to me before I sailed, "Do not let any one persuade you into passing by Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper' because it is worn and faded." I am very glad I took his counsel. The colors are faded, and, as every one who has seen photographs of it knows, it is dimmed and broken by the wear of time. Some idiot has cut a door through the picture—happily, however, it breaks only into the lower and less important part. But the grouping and attitude and much of the facial expression remain. I have long been persuaded that truth, reality, sincerity—call it what one will, so long as it is not called realism—is the first condition of art, as it is of oratory, of literature, of conversation, of everything. But never has this fundamental principle been more borne in upon me, as the Quakers say, than in looking at this fresco, which, in spite of all that time and ill-usage have done to destroy it, still preserves this note of sincerity, which distinguishes it from so much of the conventional in the so-called religious art of the Middle Ages. While we were sitting in silence looking at this picture, and I was carried back by it to that real supper with its revelation of the traitor in the very heart of the church, a Cook party burst into the room with its glib guide to descant on the picture, to point out the Apostles, and give the usual routine information as to date and artist and object and what not. H——, who is much more afraid of a Cook party than she would be of a hornet's nest, fled incontinently; she could hardly have disappeared more suddenly if she had gone down through a trap door in the floor; and we promptly followed. An official guide and "The Last Supper" constitute the very climax of incongruity.

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The Quest of the Three Kings

A Christmas Carol

BY THE VERY REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS, D.D.

Dean of Ely, England

I.

FROM silver gates of Ecbatoun—
O camel bells across the sand!—
King Gaspar rides in golden crown
To seek his king in Judah land:
With orient pearls and gem-wrought rings
His slaves are laden with the store;
He rides apace; the King of kings
Shall have his homage evermore.
O filii et filiæ,
Sing "*Christe Rex sanctissime!*"

II.

ON mystic Egypt's great highway—
Clang oars adown the old Nile stream!—
Balthàsar sleeps, his boatmen gay
Break with their songs the spell of dream;
O'er moonlit waters flashed a Thing
Star-sign of birth: "I go"—he saith—
"To seek my chief; the world's true King
Shall hear my homage and my faith."
O filii et filiæ,
Sing "*Ex Egypto parvule!*"

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III.

FROM towers of silent Ipsobar—
O signal-fires across the plain!—
Sage Melchior sights the magic Star
Which tells how kingdoms wax and wane;
How Power and Might are passing things
And only Wisdom Heaven's true breath:
So forth he fares; the King of kings
Shall have his homage unto death.
O filii et filiæ,
Sing "*Stella Sapientiæ!*"

IV.

THREE kings they came star-led of yore—
O angel-song across the snow!—
Balthàsar, Gaspar, Melchior,
To seek the King of kings, and lo!
O'er Bethlehem fields by God's good grace
The Pilgrim-star is stayed, and there
In childhood's guise they see the Face
Of Him the altogether Fair.
O filii et filiæ,
Sing "*Jesu dilectissime!*"

V.

THE Quest is found, they kneel them down—
O Christmas bells across the sea!—
A little child their King they own,
O lofty lowly mystery!
And gold for kingship, myrrh for pain,
And frankincense for prayer they give:
O by those mystic emblems deign,
Jesu, that we by Thee may live!
O filii et filiæ,
Sing "*Gloria tibi Domine!*"

F. T. Bowers

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The Quest of the Three Kings

MUSIC BY T. TERTIUS NOBLE

Organist and Master of the Choristers, York Minster

Andante con moto.

mf

From sil - ver gates of

mf

f

mf

Ec - ba-toun, O cam - el bells a - cross the sand! King

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f
Gas - par rides in gold - en crown To seek his king in
mf
Ju - dah land; With or - ient pearls and gem - wrought rings His
slaves are la - den with the store; He rides a - pace; the
F. T. BOWERS

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rall.
ff
King of kings Shall have his hom - age ev - er-more. O
ff
rall.
Full with great breadth.
a tempo.
rall.
fi - li - i et fi - li - æ, Sing "Christe Rex sanctis - si-me!"
ff

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Shall the Tariff be Revised?

Further Interviews with Representative Men[1]

THOUGH many Republicans will not admit it, the remarkable overturn in Rhode Island, which led to the election six weeks ago to Congress of the Hon. D. L. D. Granger, ex-Mayor of Providence, was, according to him, due in large measure to his advocacy of tariff revision. Mr. Granger thus explained the tariff situation to me; his statement is both noteworthy in itself and in its relation to other authorized interviews herewith printed. "The jewelry men of Providence and of Attleboro," said Mr. Granger, "are supposed to have influenced Senators Aldrich and Wetmore, Hoar and Lodge, primarily, and others secondarily, towards 'holding up' the proposed treaty of reciprocity with France, yet I am told that a number of these very manufacturers actually supported the tariff revision platform on which I stood in the recent election, and on which I largely gained my victory, I believe, although some of it may have been due to personal considerations. This shows that the leaven is working in unexpected places, right among the beneficiaries of the tariff. Some of the most intelligent among the Republicans have come over to the Democratic position that the tariff should be revised, and that it should be revised, not by Republicans, who are for the most part the representatives of tariff beneficiaries, but by the representatives of the American people, consumers of the products of American industry. This is true of the tariff as it affects the whole country, but it is especially true of the tariff as it affects New England; for, first of all, let me tell you that New England sadly needs aid. Our tidewater towns once gave employment to labor and capital in large and successful iron works, which are now dismantled, but which would again be started if we had free coal and free iron. Then, if we had free lumber, the spoliation of our fast-decreasing forests would be checked, and the cost of every dwelling erected would be lowered. If we had free hides, the leather industries which are now leaving New England would be increased, not decreased. If we had free wool, the industry of which New England has been so proud in the past would be strengthened. In short, if the withdrawal of factories from New England goes on much longer, this section is likely to become only the home of such lighter industries as jewelry, for instance. Secondly, across our borders lies a large and naturally rich country of over six million people. They have much that we need; we manufacture much which they would gladly purchase. Yet this, New England's rightful market, is closed to her. We need Canadian reciprocity, and we need it immediately. Thirdly, within the past five years the increase in number and in extent of monopolies called trusts has been far greater than ever before in the history of this or any other country. This increase has been accompanied, as a rule, by overcapitalization, compelling the public to pay prices that will provide dividends upon enormously watered stock, prices so large that products are exported to foreign countries and sold at less money than purchasers are compelled to pay at home. The beef trust, for instance, sells its commodity at higher prices here than it does in London or Paris. But it is within the power of Congress to bring the trusts to terms, both by enforcing existing legislation and by reducing the tariff on all trust-controlled articles. The unblushing manner in which the 'fat has been fried' out of the trusts forbids hope of any reform from a party under overwhelming obligations to those benefited by our present tariff. This reform, I believe, can be best realized through the Democratic party."

Not all Connecticut manufacturers are conservative, as may be seen from the following interesting statement made to me by Mr. William W. Wilcox, Jr., a Republican and a hardware manufacturer at Middletown: "I have not heard anything to make me believe that tariff revision

[1] The previously published series of interviews on this subject appeared in the issues of The Outlook for October 25 and November 29.

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sentiment in Connecticut is widespread; as for myself, I would favor a modified revision—we should certainly remove the duties on coal, beef, and hides. Nor is there much sentiment in this State favoring Canadian reciprocity, so far as I know; yet our firm, dealing largely with Canada, would gladly see a reciprocal policy introduced. The Commissions which Canada has sent to Washington in recent years with this object in view have met with no success. Canadians have practically little hope of securing reciprocity with us; they are more and more developing their own resources, and are becoming correspondingly independent. If we will not grant reciprocity, they will show us that they can live and grow without it. A reciprocal trade relation between the two countries might not restore industries which have already been driven away from New England, but I believe it would prevent a further movement in that direction. The present tendency in Canada means an increasing loss to the United States; reciprocity would arrest the movement there and prevent the loss to us."

In the manufacturing region of western Massachusetts there have been times when the stress caused by tariff revision advocacy was probably greater than will ever again be the case. The foremost advocate of intelligent tariff revision in that section has been the Springfield "Republican." Referring to the remarkable progress which has been made in the popular thinking since the Cleveland campaigns concerning a reform due alike to the people and to the business interests of the country, Mr. S. B. Griffin, an Independent Democrat, managing editor of the "Republican," informed me that, "as a matter of fact, intelligent manufacturers of this locality have long ceased to regard the schedules of a tariff as a sacred thing. Ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, at eighty-six years of age, better represents them at this time than does his successor, Senator Lodge. Thus the venerable statesman, with striking truth and force, says: 'It is a mistake to suppose that the tariff legislation is a fixed science. It is, on the contrary, an applied science in the broadest sense, adjusting duties to imports in such a manner as will meet the needs of the Government with the least burden to the consumer and with the greatest help to the producer. As these conditions are constantly changing, so must a tariff also change. There can be no tariff formulated that can last while all the conditions on which it is based are changing.' It is these changed conditions, as they bear upon New England's business interests, that give point and power to the growing demand for tariff revision. Mr. Dawes is right; Mr. Lodge lags behind popular sentiment, and leading Republicans are saying so. While prosperity is the great argument of the Republican party, and Republicans will do nothing to disturb it, they are now forced to take cognizance of the general unrest on the subject of tariff oppression. Hence the sentiment for revision is really more widespread than would appear. You notice that the eight or nine Congressmen in eastern Massachusetts are outspoken in its favor, despite the power of Senators Hoar and Lodge working the other way. Speaking again of Senator Lodge, I seem to see an encouraging change in his speeches. I think Mr. Foss is largely responsible for that change. Mr. Foss is, of course, primarily a manufacturer; he saw that his iron company must have free coal, if the company were to continue to have proportionate success with the efforts made. So thinks many another manufacturer in regard to his own industry. Mr. Foss's campaign has been worth while, if for no other reason than that it has brought about an apparent change in Mr. Lodge's attitude. At the State Convention, when the tariff revisionists tried to get their plank adopted, Mr. Lodge made a fiery ultra-protection speech, but before the campaign was over that particular kind of speech was no longer being made by him."

In eastern Massachusetts the most important individual political force is often conceded to be that wielded by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (Republican). Mr. Griffin's reference to him indicates the interest which any expression of opinion by Mr. Lodge is sure to evoke. His opinions are not merely those of a clever politician; they are also those of the student and of the statesman. However much men may differ from them, they have learned to respect them, for in them they recognize certain inherent New England qualities, to be noted rather in Mr.

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Lodge's books than in his speeches on current topics. The latest volume from his pen, "A Fighting Frigate," is an example. Its estimates of State and National questions, from those of Ellsworth's time to those of Wolcott's, are characterized by much acumen and suggestiveness. When I approached Senator Lodge, therefore, for an expression of opinion on the tariff, I felt sure of getting something concise and to the point. "There is no reluctance," said he, "and never has been any, so far as I am aware, in any member of the Massachusetts delegation, either in the House or Senate, to stand by the President on the question of reciprocity with Cuba. In regard to the tariff in general, however, I do not think that we can possibly take it up and change the duties on one or two articles which may be of benefit to particular sections of the country. When we revise the tariff, it will be necessary to revise the whole tariff, for any amendment to it will throw open the whole subject, under the rules of the Senate. Endless amendments will be offered, and therefore in all probability any revision would necessarily be a revision of all the schedules. Whether the necessities or conditions of business demand that this work should be undertaken immediately I am not prepared to say without further investigation—either by a special Commission, as proposed by the President, or by Committees of Congress. Personally, I think we ought to examine the subject and report upon it carefully. Revising the tariff is a very serious matter, involving in any case a danger to business stability; and it should not be entered upon except after careful consideration. The Republican party is the party of protection, and, as a party, we will never permit any revision of the tariff except on protection lines and on protection principles. If, after an examination by a Commission, or by the Committees of Congress, we decide that changes are needed, we must make them; if we decide that they are not needed, we must refuse to make them, and must prove our position to the country. We should not hesitate to give the best terms to those nations which give to us the best; nor should we hesitate to impose higher rates upon those who discriminate against us. As I understand it, that is a genuine reciprocity, applicable to all the world."

The Hon. Samuel W. McCall, of Winchester, Mass., is a robust, tall, spare, smooth-shaven man, with penetrating glance and expressive smile. His physical presence seems, somehow, consonant with the independence of his Congressional course. It has, indeed, been a fact that the firm of "Loud [the well-known Californian Representative] and McCall" has sometimes constituted a minority, quantitatively, but how impressive in quality! And Mr. McCall is quite capable of himself alone defying all the Goliaths of whatever party. He is thus even a less disciplined party man than is Congressman Littlefield, of Maine. The great difference between these two Republicans lies in Mr. McCall's more radical views on the tariff. Expressing himself always with the courage of his convictions, he stands for greater liberalism in the matter of the tariff, for he believes, and so do most men, that such liberalism is best for the public welfare. "I hear something about the necessity of a general revision of the tariff," said Mr. McCall to me the other day, "and more about the necessity of revising certain schedules, but most about one particular schedule, coal. The amount of coal bought from Nova Scotia by New England is nearly but not quite so great as the amount bought by Canada (the province of Ontario, principally) from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. The removal by Canada of the duty upon our coal in return for the removal by us of the duty upon Canadian coal would greatly benefit the people, and, I believe, the coal-miners, of both countries. Coal thus forms an ideal reciprocal item, or as nearly so as any can be. But even if it were not so, New England should no longer be industrially starved for the want of this raw material. If we could get it from Nova Scotia, there would be a net saving of many millions every year. In order to do this, there is no necessity for a general revision of the tariff. If free coal is in sight, it is probably so because there may be a chance to get it by the enactment of a single bill providing for it only. Of course I wish we could have free hides and free iron ore, and lower steel duties;

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then we would have relieved every consumer in the United States, and have helped, in particular, some of our greatest manufacturing interests."

The Hon. Albert B. Cummins, Governor of Iowa, is justly regarded, not only as a signally able and brilliant executive, but also as an honored leader of tariff revision sentiment in the West. To the sincere regret of The Outlook, Governor Cummins thinks that he has been misquoted in these columns as to one or two particulars concerning this general subject, and has been kind enough to send to us the following authorized synopsis of his views:

I profoundly believe in the Republican doctrine of protective duties. It seems to me evident that the Republican policy has been the most potent factor in the origin and growth of American enterprises. It is equally evident that it will be as necessary in the future as it has been in the past, although the field of its operation may be from time to time narrowed. I shall not here attempt to prescribe what commodities should bear protective duties or what should be admitted free; but upon those commodities which, according to the consensus of Republican opinion, protective duties upon imports should be levied, we ought to be able to agree upon the principle which will fix the measure of duty. There can be no controversy upon the proposition that the duty upon any protected commodity should be sufficient to enable the American producer to take and hold the American market at a fair price. A fair price means cost of production, including good American wages to the laborer, and a reasonable profit with which to reward the capital invested in the business. Tested by this criterion, no fair-minded man of average intelligence will deny that some of the duties levied under the existing law are too high.

The effect of excessive duties in times of great industrial and commercial activity, and in times when combinations destroy the full force and effect of competition, is to enable the producer to raise his price to the point at which the commodity can be profitably imported. This gives the producer more than a fair profit; and therefore I am in favor of a modification or revision of the tariff schedules where found to be excessive, in order to bring the law into harmony with the principle upon which it is based. I am in favor of such modification or revision, without respect to either reciprocity, trusts, or monopolies, and I am in favor of doing it immediately. The announcement that a Republican Congress intends to make some changes in the tariff schedules along the line that I have suggested will create no apprehension in legitimate business. On the contrary, I believe it will tend to give confidence to the situation, inasmuch as it will be an assurance that fair and reasonable protection is to continue.

And with respect to trusts, meaning by the word "trusts" the great combinations of industrial capital which have characterized the business of the United States within the last few years, I dissociate them wholly from the tariff, just as I dissociate the remedy for the evils of the trust from changes or modifications of the tariff schedules.

The so-called trust in and of itself has some evils, the principal of which, in my opinion, is over-capitalization, for which I think there is a remedy; but it is not pertinent to the subject I am now discussing. A trust may or may not become a monopoly. It may become a monopoly in one of its products and not in another, and therefore I have always been careful to make it clear that it is not the trust, but the monopoly, which is the menace to the orderly, peaceful, and legitimate business of the country.

We all recognize that there has for a long time been, and probably always will be, a struggle to suppress or overcome the effects of competition. I am not now speaking of the public service corporations, concerning which competition must be restricted, but never without the substitute of governmental regulation, but I am speaking solely of industrial pursuits in which we have not yet conceded that the Government should bear a hand in the way of fixing prices. Few monopolies have as yet been accomplished, but the strides toward the elimination of competition have been tremendous within the last few years; and I think it is the duty of every lover of good government to look forward to see what can be done to prevent the annihilation of competition.

This brings me again to the tariff. It is palpable that by excluding foreign competition through tariff duties we make it easier to establish monopoly in our markets. It was never dreamed by the fathers of protection that a monopoly could be attained in any important product, for it was believed that the energy and aggressiveness of our own people would at all times furnish effective competition in our own land. The fathers of protection could not, however, foresee the transformations which have been witnessed within the last half-decade, and therefore made no provision for the event which now seems likely to occur in some fields of production. I believe that we must hold fast to substantial competition as a force for the establishment of prices and as a regulation for the quantity of protection. Therefore I believe that it should be provided that, whenever a monopoly is attained in any protected commodity, pending the maintenance of the monopoly the tariff duty upon it should be suspended, to be again imposed whenever substantial competition appears.

The only objection I have ever heard to this proposal is that it would increase importations, and therefore deprive our workingmen of labor. The objection is superficial. As I have more than once said, monopoly is a crime that men need not commit, and they will never commit it unless it be profitable to

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do so When, therefore, the promoters of these great enterprises are projecting their plans, if they know that monopoly means the suspension of the duty, they will not monopolize unless they can, notwithstanding the suspension of the duty, hold the entire home market; and my suggestion will not deprive an American of a single day's labor, but if carried into effect it would have a tendency at least to keep the price of a monopolized product at a reasonable point.

This statement is one of peculiar comprehensiveness and suggestiveness, and will be read with special interest at this time of Congressional discussion.

E. F. B.

Soldiers' Homes in the British Army

By W. B. Kavanaugh

The Royal Hospital, Dublin, June 27, 1898.

Dear Miss Sandes:

Your "Homes" are of the greatest assistance to the soldier, as enabling him to spend his leisure evenings in rational, agreeable recreation, far removed from the temptations which usually assail him when seeking relaxation and amusement. ROBERTS.

THUS wrote the most distinguished soldier in the British army, and surely no higher testimony could be desired. Also, it will be noticed that the Homes referred to are not of the same description as the Soldiers' Homes in the United States.

About thirty years ago, Elise Sandes, a young, delicate, tenderly reared Irish gentlewoman, became impressed with the loneliness of the small English garrison in the Irish city of Tralee, a few miles from her home; and finally the desire to do something to mitigate their exile, and keep them from the saloons which offered the only welcome and entertainment they could get, led her to invite them to her own home. It was a daring step to take in those days, for the soldier was held in the very lowest repute by all classes of society. The English garrisons in Ireland never have had the good will of the townspeople, who invariably regard the redcoats as the ever-present reminder of a government which they hate; consequently in many ways soldiering in Ireland is as bad as foreign service to the average Tommy Atkins.

Theaters, public libraries, art galleries, or any other form of amusement, recreation, or means of culture, are still unknown to the great majority of Irish cities and towns, so that nothing remains for the soldier but to secure what relaxation he can either in the canteen or the vile resorts outside the barrack gate.

Miss Sandes placed her home, her time, her money, and her culture in competition with the Tralee whiskey man and the canteen steward, and to-day she is at the head of thirteen magnificent Homes in Ireland, and four in India; while thousands upon thousands of soldiers, sailors, and constabulary men rise up to call her blessed. There are Soldiers' Homes organized under other auspices in both England and Ireland, but, successful as they have been, they all more or less suffer from the taint of "institutionalism," and do not nearly approach the work of Miss Sandes either in principles or practice.

Tommy Atkins does not like to be patronized, and more than anything else on earth hates to be preached at by some "devil-dodging blue-light" or "sky pilot," as he terms the would-be missionary. But he does like to meet and talk with people who, whatever ultimate design they may have on his soul, are willing to meet and treat with him as a rational human being. Before Miss Sandes began her work in Ireland, and for that matter even to-day, in stations where there is not a Soldiers' Home, a stray pamphlet telling of the fate which awaits the damned, and thrown inside the barrack gates by some citizen brave enough to do the deed, is about the only interest society takes in the welfare of the soldier. True, the army Scripture-reader, a sort of aide-de-camp to the Protestant chaplain, occasionally disturbs the men of a barrack-room by droning out a chapter from the Bible. It enables him to consistently fill out his report, and so long as he does not interfere with the conversation of the men, they do not mind. Besides, he is a big improvement on the average chaplain of the Established Church, who, of course, has to keep up the dignity of his commission as an offi-

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cer, and consequently cannot enter a barrack-room without causing every man to spring to "attention," and thus interfere with the cleaning of accouterments or whatever else the men are doing. Still, in justice to the said chaplain, it should be recorded of him that he rarely troubles the barrack-rooms. Kipling's Tommy says:

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all;
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational, etc., etc.

And again:

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you.

Long before Kipling penned these lines Miss Sandes had realized the truth that lies beneath them, and her Homes are the material evidences of her convictions. The Home in the city of Cork was the first one to be built, so that a description of it will serve for an illustration of the work as a whole. It was built by voluntary subscriptions, over and above what Miss Sandes and her friends subscribed. The building contains elaborate baths and lavatories, and a comfortable café, in which the soldier may obtain the best of plain food at a little over cost price. The second floor is furnished and fitted in a style that may be termed a combination of the domestic sitting-room and a club reception-room. It is large and roomy; comfortable chairs are plentiful; a long table containing books and papers occupies the center of the room; and, crowning feature of all, in the soldiers' estimation, are a fireplace and mantelpiece. Altogether it is a homelike room. Sitting round the fire, or at some of the little tables dotted here and there, may be found infantrymen belonging to the two infantry regiments of the garrison, cavalrymen, artillerymen, engineers, sailors, and marines "on pass" from Queenstown—all of them as completely at home as they would be in their own house. The three or four ladies (residents of the Home) who have been accepted by Miss Sandes as co-workers are interested here and there about the room. One perhaps is knitting or sewing, and at the same time entertaining a little group of soldiers or being entertained by them. Another is playing a piano accompaniment for some bandsman who has brought his violin for his own or his comrades' enjoyment; while yet another is engaged in translating a French or German phrase or sentence for the benefit of some bewildered warrior. Every now and then, as the door is opened to admit some new arrival, the sound of hearty singing is heard from a little room above. Soldiers who care to wander up there (they are never urged) will enjoy hearty singing, and hear a little talk from some one, resident or visitor, pointing out the joy and satisfaction from the practice of a higher life. The addresses are always non-sectarian; but, to the writer's personal knowledge, the China Inland Mission, the Sudan Mission, and the Church Missionary Society have gained some of their most valiant recruits from that little upper room. For the benefit of soldiers on "all-night pass," or traveling, or otherwise compelled or desiring to seek lodging outside of the barracks, the Home offers dormitories and cubicles; so that the cheap saloon lodging-house is frequently robbed of its victim. A marvelous feature of the undertaking is the influence of the beautiful appointments and the refined atmosphere of the house throughout. Coarse, sullen, vicious men, whose early life has been spent in the slums of a great city, yield to the charm of the Home, and become clean-living, gentlemanly men. The man who had previously been ignorant of the slightest courtesy or knowledge of the canons of politeness learns to subdue his voice, rise when a lady enters or leaves the room, and in a thousand and one little ways demonstrate that he is in the "school of the gentleman." After a taste of this sort of environment, the sanded, beer-stained floor of the saloon begins to revolt him, and that which a cast-iron military discipline and an occasional temperance lecture from the Colonel could not accomplish, a homelike club and the society of gentlewomen has done most effectually.

The Soldiers' Homes in England are equally as complete and many-sided as the ones in Ireland. The work in India was first opened in 1895 by Miss A. K. Ashe, who, with the exception of Miss Schofield, is Miss Sandes's oldest lieutenant in point of service. Away out at

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lonely Rawul Pindi, at the very doors of Afghanistan, this intrepid woman went so that she could organize a Home to fight the bazaar and the canteen. What her success has been, the two letters which close this article will testify. In conclusion, experience has proved that discipline can only restrain, not convert; and occasionally, notwithstanding discipline, the soldier runs amuck. To do away with his canteen would not help matters so long as there was whisky to be got outside the barrack gates, and the soldier wanted it; meanwhile the Homes are gaining the victory over both canteen and dance-hall. Miss Sandes's success has been due to the fact that she has not expected the undertaking to be self-supporting; that she has been careful of the poise, balance, and social caliber of her assistants, each one of whom pays all her own expenses; and that, above all else, she has been abundantly blessed in her work.

Lord Wolsely, the Commander-in-Chief, wrote Miss Sandes:

> I only wish I were a rich man, for, if I were, I would enable you to carry out your good work on a larger scale. WOLSELY.

In 1898 the Commander-in-Chief in India wrote:

> The Homes are really what they profess to be, and they shall always have my most cordial support. Quite apart from the question of religion or morals, these Homes do a very great deal to keep men healthy and efficient. Soldiers resort to them as places where they can get good refreshments and cheerful society, and where they can talk, smoke, or write letters amid pleasant surroundings. Numbers of men are kept from drink and vice and disease by these admirable Homes, etc., etc.

Do not Miss Sandes's experience and success offer a genuine solution to the vexed question of canteen or no canteen in the American army post?

A Laramie Girl's Christmas

By Minna C. Smith

IT was bitterly cold at Red Top Ranch. Snow was deep on the Medicine Bow Range, deep in the cañons and on the plain that narrowed into the hills beyond the great log ranch-house of the Oswald family. The Big Laramie was frozen almost into silence, except for the ripples in the river back of the corral, where, even with the mercury away below zero, the cattle could drink of the swift stream that laughed aloud at the frost.

In the sitting-room two of the little children were playing about—Emma and Freddy. Out in the bright kitchen Nell and Frank, the eldest daughters, were baking waffles for breakfast.

"Mother won't let you go with her to Laramie to finish the Christmas shopping. It's too cold," said Nell.

"No colder for me than for her, and I have a lot of presents to get yet. And, besides, I've got to have some shoes," answered Frank, a girl of sixteen, rosy, strong, and tall.

"Mamma just glories in the long drive. Papa—"

"What's papa done?" Mr. Oswald, in old fur coat and cap, appeared in the shed door, carrying a pail of milk in each hand.

"Papa hasn't done anything," said Frank, "but he is going to give me a nice handful of dollars to go into Laramie and spend to-day."

"Your mother won't let you go in this cold." Mr. Oswald went on towards the pantry.

Suddenly a child's shrill cry of pain sounded through the house, then Mrs. Oswald's voice, calling, "Papa! girls! girls!" They all hurried in, and met Mrs. Oswald rushing out with Freddy in her arms, calling, as she came, for oil and flour. The little boy had fallen against the stove-rail and burned his fingers. Everybody was in tears as they wrapped up his hands, and nobody ate as much breakfast as usual, hearing the little fellow sob—not even Gus, the twelve-year-old eldest son, who came in from the corral with Mr. Stahl and Bud Johnson, the hired men, after they were at table.

"You won't go to town to-day, I guess. Will you, mamma?" said Mr. Oswald.

"No; can't you go? I can't leave Freddy."

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"I can't leave the ranch."

"Well, somebody must go. We need a lot of things for Christmas."

"Let me," said Gus.

"Not alone, my son," said his father.

"Let me go! I can drive Kit and Brownie. Let Gus and me go!" begged Frank. She looked at her mother, but she came round the table and hung on her father's shoulder coaxingly.

The parents exchanged glances.

"Well, wrap up warm. You'll have to wear my fur coat," consented Mrs. Oswald.

"Whoop!" rejoiced Gus, getting up noisily.

"Don't drive those bays too fast, Frank, just because it's cold," Mrs. Oswald cautioned her daughter, half an hour later, when, furred and ready, Frank stopped beside her in the sitting-room to kiss her and Freddy good-by.

"No, mamma, and I'll be sure to get back before dark for Christmas Eve supper, and I won't forget the flour, nor the doll, nor anything on the list." Frank went on and out to the sleigh, where Gus was shouting for her. Her father tucked the warm robes about her as she got in and took the lines. Then brother and sister were off along the snowy road behind the blooded bay mares, Kit and Brownie. The dry, brilliant air was sparkling in the sunshine of Red Top ranch's seven thousand feet of mountain altitude.

They went gayly on, the excitement of responsibility deepening the light in Frank's blue eyes. It was just after they had crossed the irrigating flume half way to Laramie, where in summer they always watered their horses, that Nat Stahl passed them. He was a disreputable cousin of their best hired man, and came from his homestead ranch over on the unditched plain four miles to northward, where it was said he lived most unkindly with his wife, whom he was accused of beating half to death at times. He now had his boy with him, a little fellow named Freddy, too. The child was none too warmly dressed, Frank Oswald saw as they went by in their rough little sleigh, the man lashing his skinny horse.

"That man doesn't deserve to own a cayuse," commented Gus. "Let alone a boy," added Frank, indignantly.

It was after eleven o'clock when she drove into Laramie. She went to the stable of a friend, and Mr. Orth helped Gus put up Kit and Brownie for their noonday feed. Frank went about town on foot for her various errands, going in and out of the warm stores with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, giving and taking holiday good wishes wherever she went. It was at Mr. Orth's house, where the brother and sister ate their dinner, that the word blizzard was first spoken that day.

"It's moderating fast," said Mrs. Orth.

"Yes," said Mr. Orth. "It looks as if a real old-fashioned Wyoming blizzard was cooking up for Christmas out in the mountains."

"It's that mountain back of your house, Frank, where all our storms come from," said Mrs. Orth. "I wonder your mother don't have it moved!"

"You must speak to her about it," answered Frank, smiling.

"Well, she's about ambitious enough to, if she took it into her head. And you're growing up just like her. The idea of you driving into Laramie all that way."

"I had to get our Christmasing done."

"Guess she's got me with her," said Gus. "I don't think we ought to start home if there's any danger of a blizzard. It wouldn't be any fun to get lost in it."

"I don't believe it will come before we get home," said Frank, who had been looking out of the window. "And, anyhow, we can get home all right. Mamma says it's no trick to get to Red Top now, the way it used to be before there were any fence-posts to go by. Go along, Gus, and hitch up. Don't be afraid."

"Who's afraid?" protested Gus, and went.

When the team came to the door, Frank got in with her brother, and they drove quickly from store to store, gathering up their purchases, Gus and the men at the stores loading in the packages and boxes. Then they started for home in the teeth of a rising wind.

Across Laramie Plains they went, mile after mile towards the white mountains, while the wind increased and the snow came. By the time they were nine miles out the storm had become a blizzard, and Frank began touching the bays with the whip. A mile further on, just beyond the flume where his horse had turned off

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on the trail towards his homestead, Nat Stahl's sleigh was overturned, but no sign of horse or driver was to be seen.

"That horse of his couldn't get away from a sober baby. He's drunk again," said Frank, indignantly, as they went by. Then a sound from the sleigh made her rein in sharply. It was the sound of a child's cry, a pathetic echo of her little brother's wail, that went to Frank's heart.

"For pity's sake! Nat Stahl has left his Freddy under that sleigh!"

"The idiot!" growled Gus. He jumped out in the snow as the unwilling mares came to a standstill, and ran back to the sleigh.

Frank Oswald was not an imaginative girl, but, with a flash of sympathy and intuition, she knew what would happen if that drunken father got home to the child's frightened mother unable to explain what had become of the boy. Frank could almost hear the mother's wild cries while a brutal man, crazed by his own wrong-doing, beat her into unwaking silence.

"Sister!" called Gus.

"What's the trouble?"

"The seat's broken and holds the kid down, and I can't get it off him."

Gus came running back and took hold of the bays' bridles. Frank was out and back to the broken sleigh in a moment. With all her strength warmed into action by the new terror and tenderness in her heart, she put her shoulder against the sleigh, wrenching it part way over and loosening the broken board of the seat so that she could get little Freddy free. He had been fastened down under a piece of old buffalo robe, and this had kept him from freezing in his uncomfortable position.

"Freddy wants mamma," sobbed the little fellow, as Frank took him up in her arms.

"Freddy shall have mamma soon," she answered, hugging him, and feeling to make sure that none of his bones were broken.

"We've got to take Freddy home," she said to Gus, as they tucked the robes round themselves once more.

"Take him home, nothing!" said Gus, reaching for the lines, as Frank turned off to the right across the trackless plains. "We'll take him home with us, that's where!"

"Let the lines be!"

"Can't you see there's a blizzard coming as fast as it can, you big goose?"

"Yes, I can see." Frank pressed her red lips together. "Let the lines be, I tell you! Papa told you to keep your hands off them."

"Mamma will be scared to death if we don't get home for supper Christmas Eve."

"Mamma will say this little boy ought to be taken to his own mother Christmas Eve."

"Papa will lick you," muttered Gus.

"Dear old pa! I see him!" Frank drove steadily onward.

They had not gone more than two of the four miles to Stahl's homestead when the blasts of the blizzard blinded them. Frank urged Kit and Brownie forward. The mares struggled on gallantly, but the snow deepened, the trail was lost, the sleigh stopped.

"We've got to unhitch and get on their backs and ride," said Frank. "You take Brownie and I'll bring Freddy on Kit."

"Hope you're satisfied now," said Gus, but he obeyed quickly. The two took the harness off the mares and tucked it securely away in the sleigh covered with the robes, then they mounted the horses bareback, Frank astride of Kit with Freddy up in front of her, the bridle grasped firmly in her fur-gloved hand, while Gus came after on Brownie.

The blizzard roared about them; the stinging snow beat into their faces. Freddy grew sleepy and Frank had to slap and beat him to keep him from falling asleep and freezing, while her horse floundered forward, and fear kept whispering to her heart, "Hurry! hurry! hurry!"

After a long time she saw something that she hoped was the Stahls' cabin, but when they came up to it they saw it was their own sleigh with the snow heaping over it. They had traveled in a circle, as the lost on the plains have ever done. For a moment Frank was in despair, but the weight of the sleepy child against her arm roused her to new courage.

With a prayer on her lips, she leaned forward and patted Kit on the neck.

"Good old Kit!" she said. "Don't you understand? We can't go home, Kit. You and I and Gus and Brownie must go to Nat Stahl's—to Nat Stahl's, Kit, you know Nat Stahl's—*to—take—this—little—*

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boy—home—to—his—mother. Get up, Kit. Good old Kit! Kh–kh–kh! There, there, Freddy, don't cry. Kit is going to take you home to your mother. Go on, Kit!"

The mare whinnied, then plunged forward. Heaven knows what wisdom the sympathy between herself and her rider gave to the high-strung creature, but this time she did not go in a circle. The wild, snowy air was shut in by the darkness of night when at last Frank and Gus saw a light gleam from a cabin window almost under their horses' noses and knew they were in Nat Stahl's tumble-down corral. Frank got off Kit, gave her a pat on the neck and a kiss, and while Gus tied the mares under the shed, she staggered through the snow to the cabin with the little boy in her arms.

She pushed open the cabin door. The thing she feared had just begun. Nat Stahl, roused into fierce brutality by his wife's tears and reproaches and his own semi-stupefied alarm about his boy, had struck her a first blow. She was rising screaming from the floor as Frank Oswald entered, and, almost exhausted, put the boy down. He stood rosy and smiling, glad to get home, and called:

"Hello, mamma! Hello, pop!"

Nat Stahl stood with his billet of firewood raised to strike again and again. At sight of the boy, murder paled from his face, the brute died in his eyes; his hands dropped to his side. He turned quickly and put the wood into the fire.

Mrs. Stahl on her knees seized the child in her arms, sobbing, "Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" with murmured words of prayer and gratitude.

Frank Oswald sat down beside the table and put her head down on her arms. She felt very sleepy. The next thing she knew it was morning. She was lying on the floor on an old quilt close by the stove. Gus, who had rested beside his sister, was putting wood into the stove. Nat Stahl was snoring heavily in the family bed back in the corner, and Mrs. Stahl was pouring hot water into her coffee-pot.

"You must be good and hungry, Miss Oswald," she said, as Frank stood up. "You was so beat out last night I couldn't wake you up to eat nothin'."

"Yes, I am hungry. Goodness, how stiff I am! It has cleared off splendidly, hasn't it! Merry Christmas!" she answered Gus's greeting. "We'll have a merry old ride home."

"The wind has about blown all the snow off. The horses'll have to drag the sleigh home on the bare ground, if there's anything left of it," said Gus.

"Your ma'll be 'most scared to death because you didn't get home last night, I guess," said Mrs. Stahl. She poured out two cups of coffee, took up corn-meal mush in two cracked saucers and put them on the table. "Sit up, both of you," she invited.

"Why, mother'll live through her scare," said Frank, sitting down at table.

Mrs. Stahl glanced at her sleeping husband; then she spoke low to Frank, coming beside her. Gus, busy at the fire, could not hear. "You—you won't say nothin' to your ma, nor nobody, about what you saw goin' on here last night?" she said, pleadingly. "I don't want nobody to feel hard ag'in' Nat. His cousin that works to your house said he was goin' to have him put into jail if he was ever caught again a—a—scarin' of me. Nat, he didn't mean no harm last night. He told me so afterwards. He's real good to me, allays, when he ain't drunk. He was just worried about Freddy last night, same as I was. You won't tell nothin', will you?"

Frank looked up. The eyes of the girl met those of the woman.

"Tell what?" answered Frank. "When I came in I saw you crying for Freddy and —and then Mr. Stahl fixing the fire. I guess I went to sleep as soon as I sat down."

Mrs. Stahl's lips quivered gratefully. "I wisht I had some milk for you to put into your mush," she said, "but our cow, she's dead. She got into the alfalfa last summer and over-et."

It was nearly noon that day when, after a long, dry drag of their recovered sleigh over the wind-swept plain, Frank and Gus again reached Red Top ranch-house.

"Hello, daughter! Merry Christmas! Home again all right?" said Mr. Oswald from the well, as Frank went in at the kitchen door.

"Hello, papa, dear! Merry Christmas!" Frank hurried on in out of the cold. With her sisters helping her get off her things, she was soon beside her mother, who had Freddy on her lap, in the sitting-room.

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"Well, I'm glad you had sense enough to stay all night in Laramie when you saw that storm coming, if it was Christmas Eve!" was Mrs. Oswald's greeting.

"Oh, but I wasn't in Laramie! Gus and I stayed at Nat Stahl's."

"For the mercy's sake!" exclaimed her mother. "It isn't a fit place for cattle to get in out of the storm! How on earth did you get off the road like that?"

"We picked up Freddy Stahl spilled beside the road under their sleigh, and of course we had to take him home to his mother for a Christmas present!"

"Of course!" said Mrs. Oswald. Mr. Oswald came in then with Gus, who was telling him all he knew of the story.

"I told Frankie you'd lick her, papa," concluded Gus.

"Well, I will, too," said Mr. Oswald, taking his daughter by the shoulders and twirling her round for a kiss. "I'll give her seventeen good ones her next birthday, and one to grow on!"

Some New Editions

THE present publishing season has been rich in well-edited, finely printed editions of American classics. The Outlook has already commented on the Virginia Edition of Poe, edited by Professor James A. Harrison. The Riverside Edition of the "Writings of Bret Harte," the Wayside Edition of "The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne," and the Handy-Volume Edition of "The Breakfast-Table Books of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," are among the most satisfactory books of the autumn. To these must be added two sumptuous complete editions of American writers. "The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe," in ten volumes, edited by Professor Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, presents the prose and verse of the author of "Ulalume" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" with a dignity unequaled by any earlier edition. The special characteristics of this edition are its beautiful form and striking illustration. The edition of Poe edited several years ago by Mr. Stedman and Mr. Woodberry was based on thorough study of original material of all sorts, rearrangement in a more logical order of Poe's writings, the change and correction of punctuation and spelling, elimination of errors of all sorts; the work of the editors resulting in the establishment of a text which represented, not only first-hand investigation, but critical editorial judgment. Professor Harrison, in the Virginia Edition, adopted another principle. It was his aim to reproduce the text precisely as Poe left it, correcting only such errors as were essential, and putting into the hands of readers everything that Poe left in the precise form in which he left it. The two editions, therefore, represent, not antagonistic, but different views of editorial work, each important and in a way essential.

The Arnheim Edition of Poe is a careful reprint of the established text with an introduction by Professor Richardson ardently appreciative of Poe and dealing with him, as the publishers have dealt with him, as a "world-author." In this introduction, as in Professor Harrison's life, the emphasis on Poe's genius and rank is a little too persistent, chiefly because it is no longer necessary. One evidence of the accepted position of a writer in the literature of his country and of the world is to be found in the care with which his text is edited and the beauty with which it is presented. The Arnheim Edition of Poe is a sufficient demonstration of the rank of the poet and prose writer without emphatic declarations on the part of his editor. This, however, is not a heinous fault; and Professor Richardson's work has been done, as it ought to have been done, not only with full knowledge, but with genuine sympathy with his author. The Arnheim Edition is stately in form; the volumes are of large quarto size, bound in gray boards, with vellum backs stamped with gold, the text large and clear, printed on the finest quality of paper, with numerous portraits printed on Japan vellum, and with a large number of illustrations by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn. In a field in which he has had distinguished competitors, the illustrator has shown himself equal to the

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interpretation of a poet whose work is full of artistic suggestions as elusive as they are inviting and baffling. He has interpreted the mysterious and the elusive element in Poe for the most part subtly and successfully; but he has not failed to remember that art, while it must be suggestive, must also be definite in form. Occasionally his illustration, as, for instance, that which accompanies "Shadows: A Parable," is a bit of masterly interpretation.

Not less sumptuous is the Camden Edition of "The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman," issued under the editorial supervision of his literary executors, in ten volumes, and presenting for the first time in an adequate way, as regards integrity and completeness of text and beauty of form, the verse and prose of one of the most original and widely discussed American writers. There is little reason to doubt that the hope of the publishers that this edition of Whitman will constitute a definitive edition of his works will be realized. The literary executors—Messrs. Harned, Traubel, and Bucke—contribute to the series a biographical introduction in which the note of appreciation is much more distinctly sounded than that of judicial appraisement. It cannot be expected of the editors of a new edition of a writer that they shall sit as impartial judges upon the work which they are presenting. The fact that they are willing to give the time, knowledge, and work which are necessary to the making of a new edition commits them to a deep faith in the value of the work which they have endeavored to present in its integrity. Although there is coming to be an agreement of opinion in regard to Whitman, there is still much to be done in the clarification of ideas in regard to him; and the editors of this edition would have better served his memory if their interpretation had been a little better balanced; if they had taken a little more into account the difficulties which his work presents, and the misapprehension in regard to its significance which exists in many quarters.

The old poet would hardly recognize himself in so magnificent a form; although it has been one of the many anomalies connected with Whitman's life and work that this poet of democracy, as he loved to call himself, has found favor, not with the working classes and the people at large, but with men and women of the ripest culture, the widest experience, the closest contact with old-time standards and traditions. An interpreter of the brawniest democratic ideas in the most primitive and most uncompromising forms, a lover of life in its completeness, without discriminating between its functions and forces in rank, significance, and dignity, Whitman has appealed to the intellectual and social élite rather than to those whose spirit he attempted to interpret. It ought to be added that the work of no poet of Whitman's genius and rank stands in greater need of the application of a selective principle at once highly intelligent and searchingly critical. Whitman would gain, as no other American writer would gain, by a representative selection of the best that he wrote, detached from that mass of his writing which expressed his temper and his point of view rather than illustrates his genius. A complete edition of Whitman was, however, inevitable, and no ardent lover of the poet could ask for his work in handsomer form.

This edition is almost identical in form with the Arnheim Poe. It has the same dignity and completeness. It includes nineteen portraits of Whitman, a number of which are very rare; together with other portraits and views germane to Whitman's work, printed on Japan vellum. The first three volumes include the "Life of Whitman," "Leaves of Grass," and "Variorum Readings of Leaves of Grass;" Volumes IV.–VIII., the prose works, including the Letters heretofore issued under the titles "Calamus" and "The Wound Dresser," letters of Whitman to his mother not hitherto published, and three essays on the poet by Mr. Harned; Volumes IX. and X., "Notes and Fragments," by Mr. Bucke, and "An Essay on the Growth of the Leaves of Grass" and a Complete Bibliography by Dr. Oscar L. Triggs. Both these fine editions bear the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The publication of an illustrated edition of the works of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith was almost inevitable, so constantly is the painter in evidence in the sketches and stories which bear the name of this versatile writer. The Beacon Edition, with the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scrib-

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ner's Sons, contains a series of illustrations printed in color, which for refinement and artistic effect are quite on a level with the best work which has yet been done in color printing. These water-color reproductions have been made from drawings in color by Messrs. Abbey, Christy, Yohn, Reuterdahl, Marchand, Wright, and Child, and to these are added numerous reproductions of water-colors from Mr. Smith's hand. The edition ought to be classed as an *édition de luxe*, so beautifully is it made and so attractive is the illustrative work. Mr. Smith has rearranged his stories and sketches, grouping them somewhat according to subjects, and giving his work a definitive form. The Outlook has so recently commented on the charm of his latest novel, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," that it is unnecessary at this late day to point out the characteristics of his writing: keen observation, great sensitiveness to the picturesque aspects of life and landscape, humor, vividness and freshness of style, and that sympathy with men and women in all conditions which has given us such workers as Caleb West and Tom Grogan, and such gentlemen and gentlewomen as the father and mother of Oliver Horn. The edition is completed in ten volumes.

The imprint of the Riverside Press has long been synonymous with sound and beautiful book-making; and the limited editions which have appeared during the past two years bearing the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have registered the high-water mark of high-class book-making. In this special class belong three important publications: Montaigne's "Essays," in three folio volumes, nobly fashioned and reproducing the Florio text; Spenser's "Prothalamion and Epithalamion," with illustrations by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield; and John Evelyn's translation of Naudé's "Instructions Concerning Erecting of a Library." To lovers not only of fine books, but of literature as well, two publications in the limited editions of this season will appeal with special interest: James Russell Lowell's hitherto uncollected "Anti-Slavery Papers," in two volumes, and Robert Southey's unpublished "Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands." The Lowell papers were written during the seven years of the poet's connection with the abolition movement. They were brief and fragmentary, signed with the initials "J. R. L."; and those which are gathered in these two volumes were contributions to the Pennsylvania "Freeman" and to the "National Anti-Slavery Standard," of which, for a time, Lowell was associate editor. Lowell touched nothing which he did not make pungent and which he did not adorn; and these papers, which from a hand less skillful would have had merely an ephemeral interest, are important not only for their literary form, but because they are part of the history of Lowell's development and part of the expression of his spirit. The two volumes are bound in boards and are printed from a large, clear type.

Southey's "Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands in the Autumn of 1815" is printed from a manuscript which was sold at a sale of Southey's effects in 1864, purchased by a banker and antiquarian, and has remained until this time in private hands. It is the record of a journey made to the Continent soon after the Battle of Waterloo by a very close observer, who was also one of the best prose writers of his time. The new edition is a facsimile of the old-fashioned style of marble covers, with cloth back and leather label.

A Book of Christmas Verse[1]

IT is not often in these days that writers of verse approach the Christmas festival with as much spiritual insight and as delicate and beautiful a faculty of interpreting in imagery and description the great associations of Christmas as Lady Lindsay. Her little volume, "A Christmas Posy," has the contemporary touch in its restraint, its delicacy, its refinement of feeling and of workmanship; but it is saturated with the reality of the old faith. Full of modern feeling, it not only sympathetically interprets that feeling in the verse of the poet of to-day, but it reproduces the feeling of mediæval times, and, in a series of translations from the French, revives the

[1] *A Christmas Posy.* By Lady Lindsay. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

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old Noel songs. It is a little book, which may easily be read in an hour; it does not strike great chords with a powerful hand, but it is characterized by a beautiful simplicity and a certain tenderness of feeling and delicacy of insight which are not common. Two poems selected almost at random will illustrate the quality of Lady Lindsay's little book:

BY NAZARETH'S GREEN HILLS

By Nazareth's green hills and dales,
There where the wild red lilies blow,
Down to the shore among dusky vales,
The young child Jesus once did go.
(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge our garlands be—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)

Tall palm trees bowed to let him pass,
And doves made plaint and murmur sweet;
The slender blossoms of parching grass
With daisies leaped to kiss his feet.
(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge our garlands be—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)

From Galilee's breast the south wind sang,
And white clouds drave o'er the steep hillside;
The sun and moon and the pale stars rang,
And joy throbbed loud in this world so wide.
(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge fresh garlands be,
To grace our King's nativitie—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)

A PROVENÇAL NOEL

Thou that seekest thy delight,
Thou that lovest only pleasure,
Wilt thou never own the leisure
From thy lusts to part aright?
Since that God, alas!
Seeking nothing but his anguish—
Since that God, alas!
Suffers in a meager shed.

Insufficient thy domain
For thy vanity as dwelling,
Thou a palace shouldst be welling . . .
Art thou not o'erwhelmed by pain,
Since that God, alas!
Is contented with a stable—
Since that God, alas!
Lodges in a meager shed?

Deep in newly furnished tower,
Curtains close around thee fitted—
Neither art nor paint's omitted
For the beauty of thy bower.
Jesus, he, alas!
Is not to be found there present—
Jesus, he, alas!
Bides within a meager shed.

Dishes exquisite indeed,
Wines most delicate of flavor—
None there be too choice of savor
For thy fancy or thy greed.
Jesus, he, alas!
Tastes the wild wind and the breezes—
Jesus, he, alas!
Fasts within a meager shed.

When that thou art well refreshed,
To a beauteous couch thou hiest,
Fine and wide, wherein thou liest,
Decked with broidery deftly mesh'd.
But thy God, alas!
On the scanty straw, most lowly—
But thy God, alas!
Lies within a meager shed.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Addresses on War. By Charles Sumner. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 319 pages.

Andrew Carnegie: The Man and His Work. By Barnard Alderson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 232 pages. $1.40.

Ruskin once truly said that wealth is the possession of the valuable by the valiant, and added: "That man is the richest who, having perfected the function of his own life, has also the widest helpful interest." No words could more fitly describe Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a rich man who does good with his money. As his biographer says, his life is the story of high aims and strenuous endeavor disclosing constant indications of a master-mind. Mr. Alderson describes the birthplace and the boyhood of the Scottish lad, who came into

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the new American West without friends or assistance of any kind, and then his various stepping-stones to fortune—his connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, with oil, with the Bessemer steel process. Hardly less interesting is the description of the steel-master during the flood of fortune itself, especially his position as an employer of labor. Here is he deserving of grateful remembrance, not only in educating his workmen, but in endeavoring to reduce their hours of labor. Many of those workmen have declared that the riotous strike of a decade ago would not have occurred had Mr. Carnegie been at home. In the course of his long and brilliant business career, says the biographer, Mr. Carnegie has not had any acute differences with his workmen. The chapter on the political faith of Mr. Carnegie would be more interesting if we had not already gathered its gist from "The Triumph of Democracy." The climax of the volume is naturally Mr. Carnegie's gospel of wealth, which is, in a word, trusteeship, his aim being worthily to disburse his wealth during his lifetime, with his own hands and at his discretion. It must be admitted that the volume is more of a panegyric than a biography; it is clearly and concisely written; it is a good book, and one which will do good, especially to the many ambitious young men who, also without friends or assistance, may be striving to work their way forward.

Ave Roma Immortalis. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 613 pages. $3, net.

A less sumptuous edition than that of last year, but still a handsome one. The line drawings are a decided relief from the now too-common half-tones. New pictures have been added. Mr. Crawford's book is well assured of a permanent and high place in the literature of its class.

Bunch of Rope Yarns (A). By Stanton H. King. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 168 pages. $1.25.

Career and Conversation of John Swinton. By Robert Waters. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 34 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

Child's History of England (A). By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 493 pages. $2.50.

A new edition with illustrations by Patten Wilson, printed in a quarto of substantial size, and with a cover decorated in colors.

Child Mind (The). By Ralph Harold Bretherton. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 229 pages. $1.25.

The reader will here find a close and sympathetic study of child mind and feelings, together with a portrayal of the effects of environment, parental habits, etc., upon plastic, sensitive youth—in short, many unheeded things which result in much inarticulate suffering. Much of the book is cast in narrative form.

Church's Burden (The): The Reinicker Lectures for 1902, Delivered in the Chapel of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, February 24, 25, and 26, 1902. By the Rt. Rev. George Herbert Kinsolving, D.D. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7½ in. 75 pages.

Corneille and the Spanish Drama. By J. B. Segall, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 147 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1903 (The). By Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Addison Mizner. Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 4×6 in. 120 pages. 75c.

Dante and His Time. By Karl Federn. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 306 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1903. Edited and Arranged by Alfred J. Fuller. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8×10 in. 32 pages. $1.25.

Eglée: A Girl of the People. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 306 pages. $1, net.

Eldorado of the Ancients (The). By Dr. Carl Peters. Maps and Illustrations by Tennyson Cole. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 447 pages. $5, net.

Dr. Peters in this large volume, well furnished with maps and pictures, aims to prove that the ancients obtained their gold, ivory, and other precious goods from South Africa, that Solomon's "Ophir" lay between the Lower Zambesi and Limpopo Rivers. This country Dr. Peters has explored thoroughly, and has found, he tells us, many ruins of an ancient gold-mining era and remnants of Punic Baal-Ashera worship. Whether or not the reader is convinced as to the main contention of this work—and we may have something to say on this head later—it must be admitted that Dr. Peters has made some extremely interesting discoveries, interpret them as one will. Moreover, he has written a narrative of travel, adventure, and incident which for itself alone is thoroughly well worth while.

Every Day in the Year: A Poetical Epitome of the World's History. Edited by James L. Ford and Mary K. Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 443 pages. $1.60, net. (Postage, 19c.)

This is a useful volume. It consists of poetry from cover to cover, and, in general, of capital poetry. Each selection chronicles the event of a particular day in the year. The work is thus not merely a poetical anthology, but a poetical epitome of the world's history. Incidentally the reader learns that every day in the year is an anniversary of sufficient value to be celebrated in fitting verse.

French Cathedrals and Châteaux. By Clara Crawford Perkins. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Knight & Millet, Boston. 5½×8½ in. $4, net.

Since the publication of Mr. Larned's "Churches and Castles of Mediæval France," its readers have been wishing for a book which should represent the same excellence of text while covering other ages as well as mediæval. The present work does something towards supplying that want; it is both a survey of the development of French architecture from Frankish times to the present age, and it comprises also the history of the greater cathedrals and châteaux. Architects and serious students of architecture may not gain a great deal from this work; they would naturally seek the writings of some great French authority like Viollet-le-Duc, for example. To students of history, however, the work is of

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greater interest; for, as the author aptly says, the study of architecture is indissolubly bound up in the study of history; each is the key of the other. The monuments of a nation form the record, and sometimes the only record, of its life and faith. The greatest value of this work, however, will probably be as a book of reference and as a guide-book. It is published in two volumes, and these correspond to the two natural divisions of the work—the period of church-building and the period of castle-building, the Gothic and Renaissance periods. In the one the chief architectural monuments were ecclesiastical; in the other, secular. We are glad that the author lays continual emphasis upon the fact that the French cathedrals reveal the restless, stimulating, inspiring possibilities of the Northern mind, as opposed to the earlier Greek mind which created the Parthenon, and to the later Renaissance mind which created the magnificent French palaces and châteaux. The second volume is especially to be commended to readers of such historical novels as "Quentin Durward," "Notre-Dame de Paris," or the Dumas series. The work has been made rather bulky by the incorporation of several chapters of historical outline, an outline not always exactly correct, however (the reign of Philip Augustus ended, for instance, in 1223 and not in 1233), and not always continuous—for example, we might have been enlightened as to what king reigned between King Augustus and King Louis.

From Grieg to Brahms: Studies of Some Modern Composers and Their Art. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Outlook Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 225 pages. $1.50, net.

In these essays, all of which have appeared from time to time in The Outlook, Mr. Mason undertakes to treat of six modern composers of absolute music (that is, music unassociated with any other art) in somewhat the same way as a literary critic—such, for instance, as Brownell, in his "Victorian Prose Masters"—writes concerning the makers of literature. The author purposes to show the tendencies in modern music as represented by each of the men he has selected: Grieg, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, Franck, Tschaïkowsky, and Brahms. He places them in this order because, as he explains, this is "the order of their influence on art, which depends upon their power both to assimilate previous resources and to add new ones." Mr. Mason believes that a knowledge of a man's artistic temperament helps to an understanding of his contribution to the development of his art. The essays are therefore both biographical and interpretative. In order to make clear the relation of these composers to one another, Mr. Mason begins with an essay on "The Appreciation of Music." In this he indicates, with pertinent and picturesque illustration, four prime elements in music, which he uses as reagents with which to try out the works of these six composers. The final essay, on "The Meaning of Music," makes a comparison between practical morality, philosophy, religion, and art, with the conclusion that music is the culmination of human effort to bring order out of the seeming disorder of life. The author uses personal anecdote, and has recourse to matters of common human interest, so that it is plain that he is addressing not merely the technical and professional musician, but also every music-lover who cares to increase his power of discriminating appreciation of musical art.

Game of Life (The). By Bolton Hall. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 230 pages. $1.

Teaching by parable and apologue has its own drawbacks. When the reader agrees with the author's views, he is quick to see point and wit; when he disagrees, he is apt to find the analogy forced or non-existent. One may cordially indorse all or almost all of the general principles propounded in these clever fables and yet dissent vigorously (as The Outlook certainly does) from some of the applications to practical, present-day questions as distorted and incorrect. Perhaps the quality of the book may be best shown by a single selection:

A CONSERVATIVE

"You are making no progress," said the Albatross to the North Pole; "follow me."

"If I follow you," said the North Pole, "I will be an east pole. I would rather be a tent pole."

"Then go the opposite way; you're not much use here," said the Albatross.

"Then I will be a west pole," said the North Pole. "I'd rather be a barber pole."

"Well, grow up," said the Albatross, as it flew to the south (for there was no other way to fly); "then you will be more north than ever."

But the North Pole was afraid of going wrong. So it stuck right in its place—but it got nowhere.

Grain of Madness (A). By Lida A. Churchill. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 228 pages. $1.25.

Hamlet, Prince of Demark. By William Shakespeare. The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y. 8½×10½ in. 173 pages. Borders and Headbands by Samuel Warner.

A representative piece of Roycroft bookmaking, small folio in size, printed from type which the publishers say was made in 1835 and has been out of use for many years, with portraits, headlines, and ornaments specially designed for the edition, printed on handmade paper, and bound in boards with leather back.

His Calculations, Baby Roland. By George Wansen. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 6½×7¾ in. 24 pages.

History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation (A). By Andrew Lang. Vol. II. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 575 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Hope Loring. By Lilian Bell. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 328 pages. $1.50.

The heroine, introduced as a student in an exclusive New Orleans boarding-school, wins a fifteen-thousand-dollar prize in the Louisiana Lottery, and thereby incurs the bitter jealousy of all the other girls. To give her comfort, her father, represented as the flower of Southern chivalry, sends her a birthday gift of fifty thousand dollars and places to her credit thrice as much more from her grandmother's estate. The pictures of New York social life, in which the heroine later appears, and of the student life of Princeton, are such as to make not only the judicious, but every-

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body of healthy mind, grieve. Besides being low in social and moral tone, the book fails to be interesting as a story.

In Argolis. By George Horton. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 226 pages.

Mr. Horton's name has appeared on the title-pages of several interesting novels, among them "Like Another Helen;" and he has approved himself a writer of fresh feeling and picturesque style. In this volume he has a charming subject. He has studied it with keen observation, and he deals with it in the free and large way of a writer of fiction; seizing the dramatic points and bringing out those aspects which are significant of manner, habit, and character. Intimate books about Greece have not been many; and this belongs with the best. It is a record which has much of the interest of fiction, of a sojourn of an American family in a small Greek town, full of graphic touches which bring out the life of the little community; the manners, dress, speech, occupation, and amusements of the men and women; the family and street life, scenes in the harbor, funeral customs—everything, in a word, which brings a remote community vividly before the eye of the reader and before his imagination as well. Although a beautifully made book, with interesting illustrations, it is so unpretentious in form that its real value to the student of contemporary manners and to the lovers of Greece needs to be emphasized. It is a kind of foot-note to the graver history of Greece; a volume which will bring that country closer to all those who love its literature and its history.

Ingoldsby Legends (The). Illustrated by Herbert Cole. John Lane, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 640 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Cole's pictures stand the inevitable comparison with Cruikshank's famous drawings in early editions very well indeed; they have rollicking burlesque in abundance, and are, moreover, very well drawn. We wish that Barham's name had been placed on the title-page; after all these years there is no need of a transparent veil of anonymity. There is a great deal of honest fun in the agile rhymes, and a good deal of real knowledge of ballad-forms in the versification. A generation ago every one read and quoted the "Ingoldsby Legends;" we hope this new edition will again popularize these jolly poems.

Indian Thoroughfares. By Archer Butler Hulbert. (Historic Highways of America, Vol. 2.) Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 5×7½ in. 152 pages.

After finishing the reading of this volume one sees clearly how much the explorers, conquerors of this country, have been indebted to the narrow trail of the Indian; indeed, there is no trunk railway across the Appalachian system to-day which is not in general alignment with one of the Indian thoroughfares. For instance, the Iroquois trail: its termini were the Hudson and Niagara Rivers; its route ascended the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, thence to the watershed between the streams flowing into Lake Erie and those flowing into the Susquehanna and Alleghany, thence passing westward to the Niagara; this trail connected the country of the Mohawks with that of the Senecas through the territory of the Six Nations, or "Long House," as it was familiarly known in pre-Revolutionary days. The story of the Iroquois trail is the story of the people who have inhabited and who do now inhabit the land. Mr. Hulbert will thus have done a good deed if, by describing suggestively these trails, he induces those who desire outdoor occupation and who are interested in local history to reconsider and reconstruct the story of the county and country in which they live as may appear from the highways known and forgotten.

Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By William Cranston Lawton. The Globe School Book Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Japan and Her People. By Anna C. Hartshorne. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in.

Mr. Ransome's "Japan in Transition" comes to mind as one turns page after page of the present work, twice as large as Mr. Ransome's, and with a wealth of genuinely illustrative illustrations to accompany the capital text. The great merit of this book is also the merit of Mr. Ransome's book—namely, its "up-to-dateness." It is a very real contribution to our knowledge of perhaps the most fascinating country in the world.

King's Agent (The). By Arthur Paterson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 360 pages. $1.50.

Stories, like sermons, may be good, but too long. Mr. Paterson has perhaps erred in the matter of prolixity. He has a swiftly moving pen and an interesting and not overworked topic in the field of fiction, to wit, John Churchill, Earl of Marlborough. Incidentally that piquant person, Sarah his wife, steps out from the wings into the glare of the footlights. Those who still hunger for the historical novel will greedily devour "The King's Agent."

Legends of the Iroquois (The). Told by "The Cornplanter." From Authoritative Notes and Studies by William W. Canfield. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 211 pages. $2.50, net.

In its own province this book of Indian legends will be found of real value. The legends run back to immemorial date, and have been collected from many traditional sources, and verified by the best authorities among Indians still surviving, as well as those surviving up to no very remote date. Cornplanter, the able and intrepid half-breed, the friend of Washington, and long an important citizen of New York State, is one of the chief vouchers for the authenticity of these remarkable Indian classics handed down orally from father to son for ages.

Last Days of Pekin (The). Translated from the French of Pierre Loti by Myrta L. Jones. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages.

As most readers know, "Pierre Loti" is Lieutenant Julian Viaud, of the French navy. At the time of the Boxer difficulties he was ordered to China, and it was a happy circumstance that so delicately fine a descriptive

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writer had the opportunity of observing recent events in and about Peking. It is true that he arrived at the Chinese capital only after the allies had taken the city, but the period of occupation was of very great interest and has nowhere been so interestingly described. The author resents the "shameful stories" about the French soldiers, and asserts that he always found them kind and even fraternal in manner towards the humblest of the Chinese. Naturally, his letters, originally printed in "Figaro," deal with the picturesque and romantic rather than with political or international questions.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son: Being the Letters written by John Graham, Head of the House of Graham & Co., Pork-Packers in Chicago, familiarly known on "Change" as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his Son, Pierrepont, facetiously known to his Intimates as "Piggy." Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

A book of good morals, sound business sense, and genuine humor. The author has written something that is certain to be widely read and quoted and that will do good to every young man who reads it. The self-made merchant is a Chicago pork-packer, and the letters cover the period of his son's Harvard career and early experience as a subordinate in the "old man's" concern. There are scores of terse, homely sayings like these: "College doesn't make fools; it develops them. It doesn't make bright men; it develops them." "Some men are like pigs, the more you educate them the more amusing they become." "Whenever any one offers to let you in on the ground floor, it's a pretty safe rule to take the elevator to the roof garden." "The fundamental rules which govern the handling of postage-stamps and of millions are exactly the same. . . . They are so simple that a fool can't learn them; so hard that a lazy man won't." "There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the constable." "A good salesman is like a good cook—he can create an appetite when the buyer isn't hungry." "I don't care how good old methods are, new ones are better, even if they're only just as good." "In handling men, your own feelings are the only ones that are of no importance." "There are two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure." The book is interesting, amusing, suggestive.

Life of Charles T. Walker, D.D. By Silas Xavier Floyd, A.M. Introduction by Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D. The National Baptist Publishing Board, Nashville. 5¼×7½ in. 193 pages.

Literary History of Persia (A). By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 521 pages. $4.

Reserved for later notice.

Lost Art of Reading (The). By Gerald Stanley Lee. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 439 pages. $1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Loyalists in the American Revolution (The). By Claude Halstead Van Tyne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 360 pages. $1.50, net.

While it has become a commonplace to declare that "history is past politics," it is still the habit of our historians to treat the issues of the past as if they were so clear and simple that right-minded men could hardly question where to stand. Particularly has this been the manner of our historians in treating the Revolutionary War. At last, however, a partial reaction has set in. Professor Tyler, in his "Literary History of the Revolution," not only gave us in their own strong words the arguments of the "Loyalists" of the Revolution, but pointed out quite sharply that the now despised "Tories" constituted a majority of the wealthy and highly educated classes. Mr. Flick's "Loyalism in New York" abundantly illustrated the general accuracy of Professor Tyler's thesis in the colony under discussion, and now Mr. Van Tyne develops it quite fully and most interestingly for the whole country. Nearly everywhere, he points out, "the officers and clergy" [Episcopal], who formed the backbone of the Tory party, "received the support of the landowners and the substantial business men, the men who were satisfied with the existing order of things. The aristocracy of culture, of dignified professions and callings, of official rank and hereditary wealth, was in a large measure found in the Tory party." The dramatic interest in the volume centers, of course, in the persecutions the Tories underwent at the hands of the Patriots. Those which followed the final triumph of the Revolution have received a good deal of attention in the general histories of the period, but it appears that in New England at least the Tories were treated with extreme severity even before the first shot was fired. "In the country the people would not grind their corn, and in town they refused to purchase from or sell to them. Every laborer refused them service, either because of the local general agreement or by formal convention. The blacksmiths of Worcester County, forty-three in number, solemnly covenanted not to 'do or perform any blacksmith's work, or business of any kind, for any person or persons commonly known by the name of tories—all of whom should be held in contempt, and those who are connected with them ought to separate from them, laborers to shun their vineyards, husbandmen and others to withhold their commerce or supplies.' The resolution was distributed far and wide, on handbills and in the newspapers." As one reads this it seems as if he were reading of the unionist excesses in the mining regions as described by the New York "Sun."

March of Christ Down the Centuries (The). By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. (Revised Fourth Edition of Social Progress.) The International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C. 5×7¾ in. 128 pages. Cloth, 25c.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. IV. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×7 in. 842 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Pickett's Charge and Other Poems. By Fred Emerson Brooks. Forbes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 207 pages. $1.25.

The opening poem gives name to this volume of verse which is largely inspired by war themes, ranging from the great Civil War to the most recent happenings. Humor, pathos,

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character-sketching, are abundant; the verse is spirited and full of action.

Paris, Past and Present. By Henry Haynie. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Physiology, Fear, and Death. By Lyman Beecher Sperry, A.M., M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 79 pages. Paper, 25c., net.

Pipes of Pan. No. I. From the Book of Myths. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 88 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Plantation Bird Legends. By Martha Young (Eli Sheppard). Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 6×9 in. 249 pages.

A certain flavor of originality, and of a peculiar kind, exhales from these legends, purporting to be related at divers times by the young daughter of "Witch Menée," a Louisiana negress of weird reputation. In these strange tales almost every sort of bird—and some other animals—is made to converse and relate his own experiences. There is much imagination of that simple, childlike quality peculiar to the untaught mind that lives close to nature.

Praise of the Dog: An Anthology. Compiled by Ethel E. Bicknel. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 232 pages. $1.50, net.

Roger Wolcott. By William Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. $1, net. (Postage extra.)

Roger Wolcott, of Massachusetts, at thirty years of age in the Common Council of the city of Boston, at thirty-five in the State Legislature, at forty-five Lieutenant-Governor, at forty-nine Governor, represents the best type of American statesman—and the world has furnished no better type. Our democracy grows all grades of fruit, from the worst to the best; if other governments furnish none worse than its worst, they also furnish no better than its best. This man, who never served in public life beyond the bounds of his own State, and who is but little known outside that State, furnishes an example and inspiration to young men and a ground of hope for America to all. An idealist but not a doctrinaire, practical but not a Philistine, loyal to his party but not a partisan, independent but never a straggler, leaving his party when it dishonored its principles and bringing his party back to its principles again by his courageous adherence to them, Governor Wolcott proved by a popularity which made him Lieutenant-Governor when a Democrat was elected Governor and elected him Governor by a larger majority than ever before given to a Governor in Massachusetts, that an American constituency appreciate and will support honesty, courage, and candor, whenever the opportunity is given to them to do so. If vice sometimes wins, as it certainly sometimes does, it is either because it is successfully concealed, or because it controls the machines of both parties and the people have to choose between two representatives neither of whom excites their moral enthusiasm. Roger Wolcott had other qualities than his virtues to excite enthusiasm; an honored family name, wealth sufficient to secure him independence but not sufficient to excite the envy of others, the best culture that Massachusetts could give, and an exceedingly pleasing personality combined to make him a popular favorite. All the more worthy of note was his sterling integrity, his political independence, his democratic spirit, his practical idealism. If he was a child of fortune, he was her unspoiled child; and fortune spoils most of her children. His good fortune—if so it is to be called—has survived his early death and has given him a biographer as simple, as sincere, as independent, and as cultivated as himself; able to interpret him because a kindred spirit. The simplicity of both is characteristically illustrated by the title-page of this biography of the Honorable the Governor of Massachusetts, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Massachusetts. The title-page is: "Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence."

Romance of My Childhood and Youth (The). By Mme. Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber). D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 399 pages. $1.40, net. (Postage, 14c.)

A suggestion of some of this author's other works, "Autour du Grand Pin," for instance, comes to mind now and then as one turns page after page of this excellently translated volume describing the romance of Juliette Lamber. She is now the famous Madame Adam, and for many years her salon has been one of the noteworthy features of social Paris; there one might see the most famous politicians, statesmen, littérateurs, artists, and there one might hear much talk worth "taking down," a genuine French *causerie* in the best sense. The life of Juliette Lamber was no more the life of the ordinary French girl than is the present Madame Adam the average French woman. That early life was dramatic with incident, and Madame Adam tells us about it in such a clear, precise style that the resulting picture in our minds is as distinct as it is full of color and vividness.

Romance of the Colorado River (The). By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 399 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Romance of the Nursery (A). By L. Allen Harker. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 333 pages. $1.25, net.

The story of a group of children in an English manor-house. The heroine is the quaintly imaginative daughter of an English poet and of a foreign mother—a professional singer who left her child. There is some romantic adventure and no little portrayal of original child character. The story has a certain charm of style likely to appeal to thoughtful children who have passed their baby years. One of the boy characters, however, has a way of expressing his opinions which puritanic parents may object to.

Rosalynde: Wuphues Golden Legacie Found After His Death in His Cell at Silexedra. Bequested to Philavtus. Fecht from the Canaries. By T. L. Gent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 187 pages. $1.25.

A beautifully printed volume in flexible leather covers containing Thomas Lodge's story of Rosalynde, familiar to all readers of Shake-

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speare; an admirable example of the novel of the Elizabethan period.

Samuel Richardson. By Austin Dobson. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 214 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Sartor Resartus: Heroes Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 268 pages. $1.25, net.

The latest volume in the Edinburgh Edition in flexible leather, printed from clear type, but on a page of such thinness that three of Carlyle's most characteristic books are brought together in a single volume of very moderate compass.

Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Arranged by Andrew J. George, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6¼ in. 410 pages.

A very generous selection from the poems of Coleridge, with a preface and introduction by a successful teacher of literature who is an expert editor of literary text-books.

Seven Cardinal Virtues (The). By Rev. James Stalker, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×8 in. 125 pages. 75c.

Shakspere and His Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and Its Development from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6½×10 in. $10.

Reserved for later notice.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By Malcom Bell. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 75 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Social Comedy (The). Illustrated. Life Publishing Co., New York. 9×12 in. 124 pages.

Pictures from "Life," satirical, humorous, and ingenious. The work of many American illustrators is here presented in a large, thin volume.

Social Life in the Early Republic. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8½ in. 346 pages. $3, net.

Miss Wharton, in former books of the same general class to which the present work belongs, has shown in a pleasing and graceful way skill in finding and combining anecdotes and social traditions. Here this faculty is again exercised, and the result is a volume of some historic value and of greater importance in that it preserves in many ways our knowledge of the life and manners of a formative period. Glimpses of the drawing-rooms of Mrs. John Quincy Adams and Mrs. Madison; portraits of Sarah Livingston (Mrs. John Jay), Mrs. Gerry, Luther Martin, Archbishop Carroll, Mrs. James Monroe, John Randolph, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and many other social figures of the first quarter of the century; curious stories of "Jeffersonian simplicity;" descriptions of landmarks and houses now passed away; anecdotes of balls and alliances and political intrigues—these are some of the contents of an enjoyable book.

Sources of Plutarch's Life of Cicero (The). By Alfred Gudeman. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, Vol. VIII., No. 2.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 117 pages. $1.25.

Struggle for a Continent (The). By Francis Parkman. Edited by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 542 pages. $1.50, net.

A successful effort to separate from Mr. Parkman's histories all those parts which tell the story of the struggle between the English and the French for the control of North America.

Struggle of Blood (A). By Guy Hughes. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 296 pages. $1.25.

Study of Prose Fiction (A). By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 406 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 461 pages. $2.50, net.

It is really surprising to see how much of history, biography, and even literary interest—to say nothing of mysticism, astrology, and science—attaches to the subject of sun dials. Mrs. Earle has the rare combination of two qualities—accuracy and thoroughness of research on the one hand, literary charm and story-telling interest on the other. Both sun-dials and roses she treats as—to quote her quaint sub-title—"Garden Delights Which Are Here Displayed in Very Truth and Are Moreover Regarded as Emblems." From the four hundred existing books and pamphlets on sun-dials she has selected scores of curious facts, and with her customary charm of narration has brought out sentiment and legend into clear relief, aptly adding the charm of the literature and symbolism of roses. The volume is beautifully illustrated, and altogether is one of the most pleasing books of the season.

Vedânta Philosophy: How to be a Yogi. By Swâmi Abhedânanda. The Vedânta Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 188 pages.

An exposition of the fundamental principles of theosophy, with an account of the different stages in the life of the yogi, as clear, probably, as his very elusive system can be made, and valuable because it indicates the steps by which the follower of the Vedânta philosophy makes his way to a profoundly pantheistic conception of the universe.

Vienna and the Viennese: Based upon the Work of Victor Tissot. Altered and added to by Maria Hornor Lansdale. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 430 pages.

In a single volume we have a very good description of Vienna—a condensation of Tissot's—thus filling a lack which has often been felt, not only by visitors to that always attractive capital, but also by students of Austrian history and society in general, and of Viennese in particular.

Virgil's Æneid. Books I.—XII. Edited by Henry S. Frieze. Revised by Walter Dennison. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 221 pages. $1.50.

Virginians (The). In 3 vols. (The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.) Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. $3.

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Correspondence

The Rights of the "Strike-Breaker"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your admirable article on the Trust Problem in The Outlook for November 22 you say, "The right of a laborer not to join a labor organization is absolute." Has it occurred to you that the same thing might have been just as truly said, in the days of our Civil War, of any citizen of the United States in regard to joining the army? It could have been demonstrated that we were all free and independent beings in a land devoted to freedom. The first duty of the individual must be to provide for self and family, afterward for his country.

But his fellows said, No! you *must* fight with us and for us whether you will or not; if you do not volunteer, we will draft you; and draft they did. But, it may be urged, many things are right in war that are wrong in peace. True, and was not the recent coal strike a state of industrial war? All war, regarded abstractly, is wrong, but when it is the least of two evils it must be chosen; and if in the Rebellion a man would not fight and his fellows had a right to make him fight with them, why have not the miners an equal *moral* right to insist that no individual shall imperil the success of the industrial battle by giving aid to the opposing forces, and working for self alone, when the benefit of hundreds of thousands of his brothers is at stake?

Was not Franklin's remark, "If we do not all hang together, we shall hang separately," apropos to the situation? And are not your own words, as here quoted from your article, a conclusive proof that you think with me? You say, "When a single housewife spins and weaves wool, no industrial organization is necessary. She spins and weaves as she chooses, and as other duties to her household permit. But when five hundred employees are working together under a single roof in the manufacture of woolen garments for a widely extended market, the former individual liberty is no longer possible. These five hundred workers must work together."

That is exactly what the labor unions insist upon when they object to "scabs," and in such a case how can you logically defend my individual freedom to work where and when I please, to the detriment of my neighbors? Is not the principle of "no freedom to harm the commonwealth"—the latter word meaning, of course, the families living around us—firmly established in common law?

If I am a butcher, my neighbors prevent me from working where and when I please, simply because a slaughter-house in their neighborhood is objectionable to them. They take no account of my individual liberty as a citizen of a free land. They even enslave me so far as to hinder me from spitting where I please. How can you logically defend your position that a man—one of five hundred miners—is free to work when and where he chooses, whether or not his action is detrimental to his brothers?

If we once accept the principle, "The greatest good for the greatest number, for the longest time," does not that acceptance involve the relinquishing of the individual freedom of mankind, and compel us to put collective rights first?

It may seem unjust, looked at from a limited range of observation; but so are many other rulings that go unquestioned in our commonwealth, *e. g.:* I have no children, but for many years have been taxed for the education of my neighbors' children. My rich townsman on the hill, with his fine collection of books, has not entered our public library for years, but has cheerfully paid out money to provide me with the latest and best reading matter, and has helped make fine roads for me to wheel over, and has planted flowers in the public gardens which he never sees, that my sense of the beautiful may be cultivated and delighted. Take notice, he was *compelled* to do these things by his neighbors, who could have sent him to prison or sold all his possessions had he refused to pay his taxes. As it happened, both he and I, and millions of others, were glad to pay without question, but it only shows how completely our freedom has been taken from us, even though the shackles rest lightly. Shall we ever arrive

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at a true conception of social economics if we still cling to the old faith of individual freedom?

WILLIAM I. HOWELL.

Newton, Mass.

[See editorial comment on another page.]

The Other Side

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was much interested in reading an article in The Outlook entitled "One Woman's Struggle." I sympathize with the woman whose struggles are described in The Outlook, for I know how much easier it is to do the kind of work we want to do. But in work, as in everything else, it is inevitable that the demand should regulate the supply. In other words, it is simply because such thousands of women want to do sewing at home or in the factory that the people who run those establishments can obtain all the help they need at wages which amount practically to fifty cents a week. It is rather a biased view to lay the principal blame for this state of affairs on the women who buy cheap underclothing and children's frocks.

The women who flock to bargain sales are themselves poor; the rich do their shopping under much easier circumstances. These other women have usually many to clothe and feed, they have little money to spend, and must buy the trash that is sold cheap, for that reason and because they have no time to make up themselves good material.

The unfortunate worker you describe is much to be pitied, not only for her hard struggle, but because of the narrowness which enables her to see only one way of making a living. In the same paper in which she saw a few advertisements for women to sew on children's frocks or to do feather-stitching, she might have seen columns asking for women to help other women in their housework. She found herself that, in order to do anything else, she had to organize her own housekeeping as simply as possible or it took all her time. There are many women who want to do, and are capable of doing, other things, and at the same time have the means to pay for having their housework done for them. This seeker wants work, they want workers. She would only be required to do the same work that she says she does for herself, and it is evident from the positions which she tried to obtain that she is so situated that she is not obliged to do her work at home, as are some women on account of the care of young children or the aged. In return for steady, quiet work, which need neither begin very early nor end late, she could receive a comfortable, warm, well-furnished room, plenty of good food, abundant heat and light; place, time, and materials to do her own washing and to keep her own surroundings as clean as she is disposed to, and a compensation which would enable her easily to save as much daily as she could earn weekly by her present methods. When one is at no expense except for clothing, one can save practically three-quarters of one's income.

In such occupation she would have no "men staring impudently;" no going twice at an outlay of car-fare to be there on pay-day; no working till after midnight; no making of dresses at forty cents a dozen, or shoe-bows at sixty cents for twelve dozen; no "brutal man" with insulting attentions. She could count on being associated with ladies, as a rule friendly and well-bred; if she did not find her employer congenial. she could easily change to another.

This is not a personal wail of need. I have myself been exceptionally fortunate in domestic help. But I hear the experiences of my friends, and see homes broken up because the mother has not the strength to do the domestic work and all the other things required of a mother, nor the means to pay a staff of specialists. In my own employ is a German girl of nice appearance, neat, refined, and fairly educated. Most of her friends are telephone operators, saleswomen, or stenographers, but, with German shrewd thrift, she tells them that she cannot afford to take such a position. She says, "I should have my board to pay, more clothes to provide, car-fare, and many other expenses." She is by no means faultless, but when I mention her virtues, friends ask me, with hushed and awestruck tones, "*Where* did you get her?"

So I end as I began, by saying I have something besides sympathy for the woman who makes frocks at forty cents a dozen.

ELIZABETH ELLIOT.

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